"You'll laugh, you'll gasp and you'll find plenty here to enjoy."
— AIPT

DEADPOOL

BLACK, WHITE & BLOOD

THWIP!
THWIP?
THWIP!
THWIP!

DEADPOOL

BLACK, WHITE & BLOOD

DEADPOOL

BLACK, WHITE & BLOOD

#1

"Red All Over"
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"Hotline to Heaven"
WRITER Ed Brisson
ARTIST Whilce Portacio
COLOR ARTIST
Rachelle Rosenberg

"Born in Uszorsusr"
WRITER/ARTIST/LETTERER
James Stokoe

#2

"Purple Craze"
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ARTIST Pete Woods

"Deadpool Party"
WRITER Karla Pacheco
ARTIST Leonard Kirk
COLOR ARTIST
Rachelle Rosenberg

"Pool of Death???"
WRITER/ARTIST
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#3

"The Worst Convent in the World"
WRITER Jay Baruchel
ARTIST Paco Medina
COLOR ARTIST Federico Blee

"The Bet"
WRITER Frank Tieri
ARTIST Takashi Okazaki

"The Perfect Ones"
WRITER/ARTIST/LETTERER
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#4

"Cherry"
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"Samurai Version"
WRITER Sanshiro Kasama
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"Operation Payback!"
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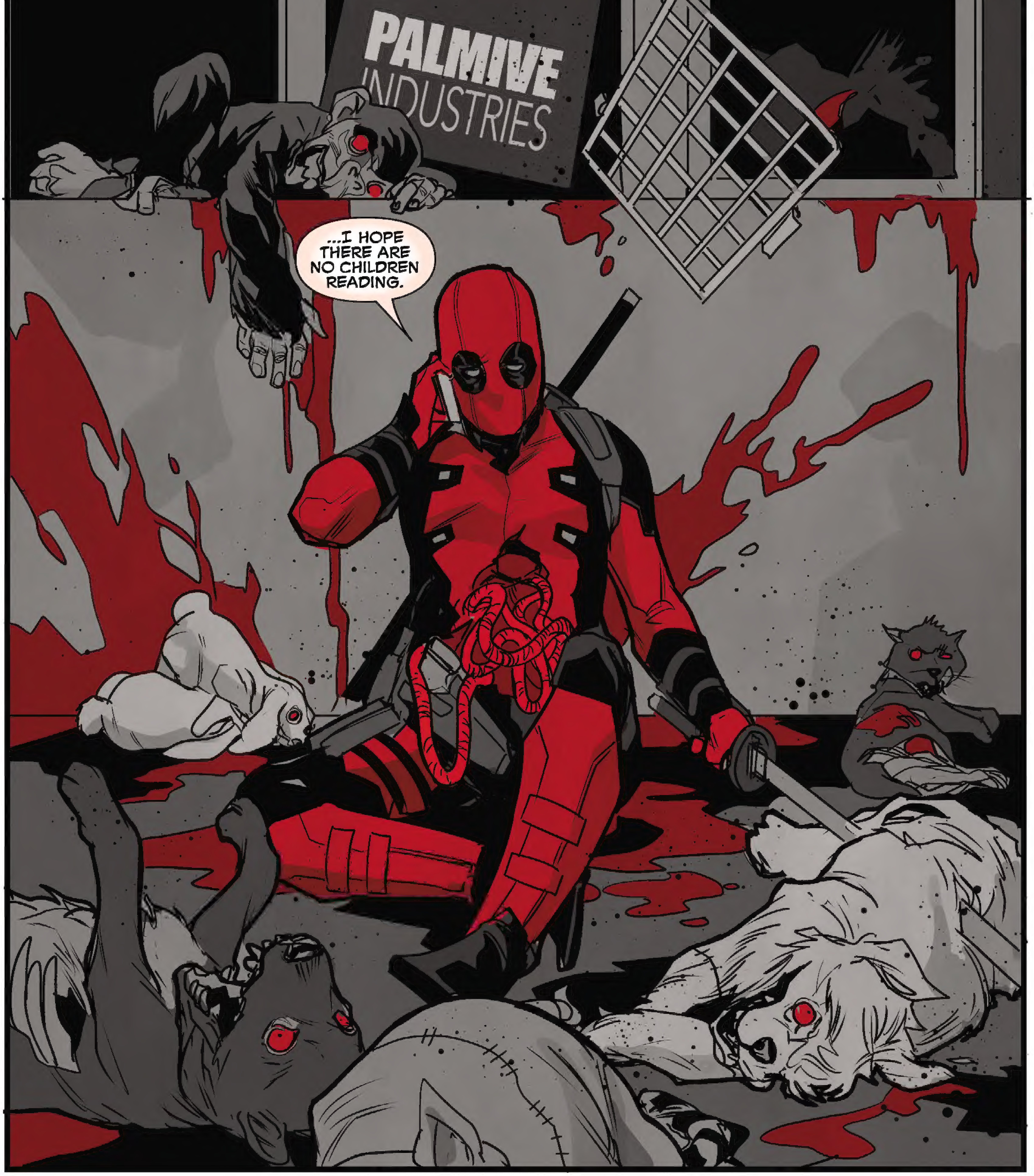
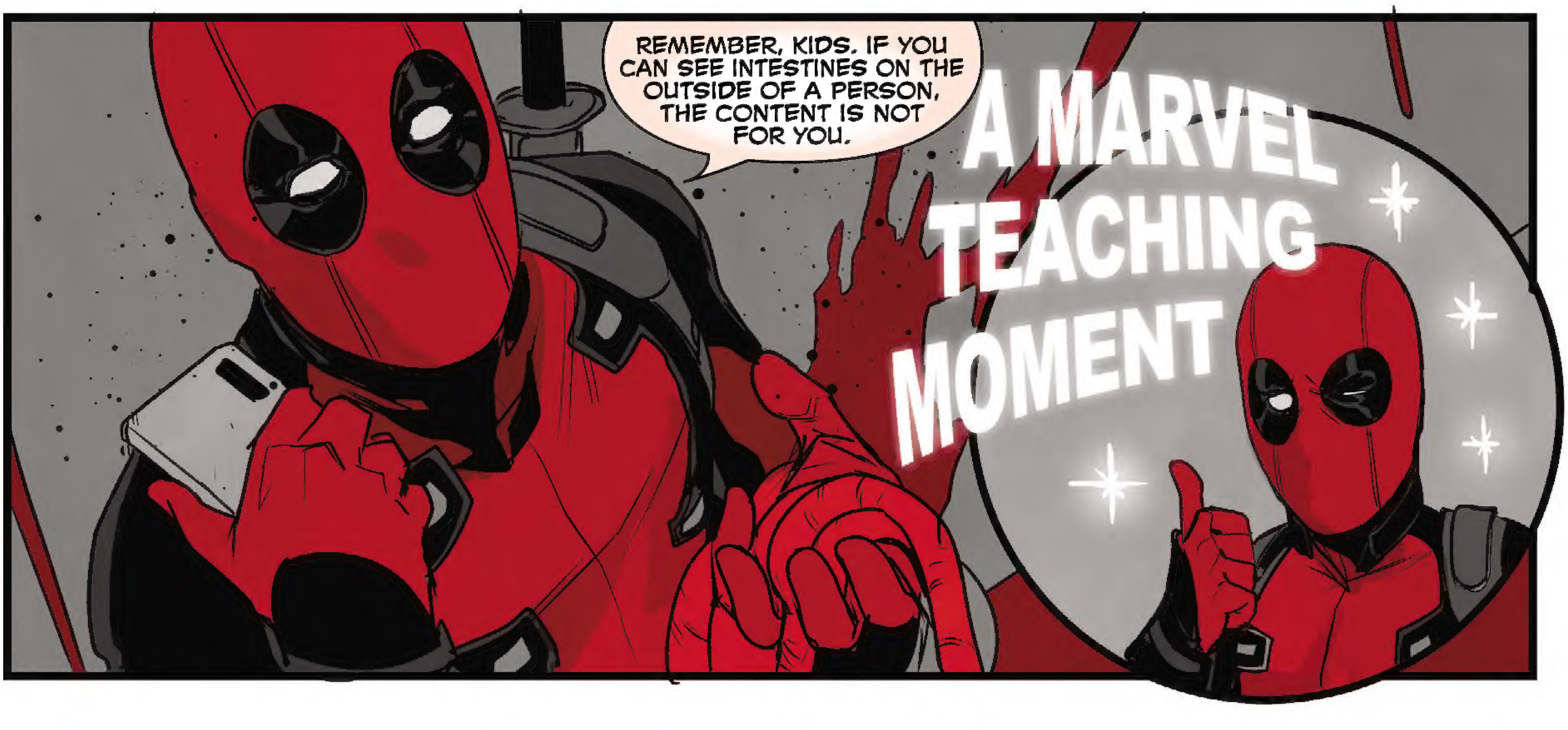
#1
THWIP!
THWIP!
THWIP?
THWIP!
THWIP!

Wade Wilson
RING RING RING
OH NO.
LET IT GO TO VOICE MAIL. NOTHING GOOD CAN COME FROM ANSWERING THAT.
DEET
WHAT?
IS THAT ANY WAY TO ANSWER THE PHONE?
IT'S A SHAME THEY COULDN'T BOND SOME MANNERS TO YOUR BONES WITH THE ADAMANTIUM.
WADE? YOU HAVE THIS PHONE NUMBER?
OF COURSE, BUDDY.
CSSH
HI, DEADPOOL!
HONEY BADGER! THANK YOU! NO ONE ELSE WOULD TAKE MY CALL.
I'M YOUR BEST FRIEND. YOU SHOULD HAVE CALLED ME FIRST.
WE TRIED THAT IN ANOTHER DRAFT, BUT IT SEEMED WEIRD TO CALL A KID FIRST FOR SOMETHING SO DANGEROUS AND VIOLENT, YOU KNOW?
HOW VIOLENT ARE WE TALKING?
LET'S JUST SAY...


PALMIVE INDUSTRIES
...I HOPE THERE ARE NO CHILDREN READING.


REMEMBER, KIDS. IF YOU CAN SEE INTESTINES ON THE OUTSIDE OF A PERSON, THE CONTENT IS NOT FOR YOU.
A MARVEL TEACHING MOMENT

WADE!
HEY. NICE TIMING. JUST GOT ALL MY INTESTINES BACK INSIDE MY BODY.
THAT'S A GOOD PLACE FOR THEM TO BE.
MORE ZOMBIE LAB ANIMALS?*
YEAH.
*WADE AND GABBY FIRST DEALT WITH ZOMBIE LAB ANIMALS IN ALL-NEW WOLVERINE #31. THERE WAS A ZOMBIE SLOTH. YOU SHOULD READ IT. --TOM
AND SOMETHING GOT OUT. WE NEED TO BRING IT DOWN.
HOW DO WE FIND IT?
OH, THAT'S EASY...
...WE FOLLOW THE SCREAMS.
AGHHHH!!!
WHAT DID THIS?
WHAT'S BLACK AND WHITE AND RED ALL OVER...?

...THIS @#$%.
SLAUGHTER AT 40 MILES PER HOUR. 900 POUNDS OF HELL WITH HOOVES.
A ZOMBIEBRA.
THE GALLOPING DEAD.

HEY!
CLIP CLOP CLIP CLOP CLIP CLOP
GET OUT OF THE WAY!!!
OH, HEY. A ZEBRA!
BLORTCH!

SHNGG
SNIKT
UNDEADBRA, THAT WILL BE YOUR LAST BLORTCH!
SNIKT
SHNK
SHNK
TOOOM

WADE!
I'M OKAY.
JUST A LITTLE BROKEN IN KEY AREAS, WITH SOME LIGHT PUNCTURING.
YOUR HAND!
WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT. IT BIT ME.
SHUNK
YOWCH!
WHAT THE HELL?!
ZOMBIE VIRUS.
OH, RIGHT. I'M PRETTY SURE I'M IMMUNE, BUT THANKS FOR THE CONCERN.
HEY. REAL FRIENDSHIP IS AN OVEREAGER AMPUTATION.

YOU OKAY?
YOU'RE STRIPY AND HOOVED?
THIS IS ME.
I WAS MADE IN A LAB TO BE A MONSTER.
OH, YEAH. I CAN RELATE.
AND I DON'T LIKE SEEING INNOCENT CREATURES SUFFER.
CAN WE DO SOMETHING?
SURE, KID...

"...LET'S TAKE THIS TO THE TOP."
PALMIVE
WHO ARE YOU?
HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?
WELL, WE THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO HAVE TO USE A LOT OF VIOLENCE, BUT GABBY'S PRETTY CHARMINGLY PERSUASIVE.
THEY LET US WALK RIGHT IN!
THERE ARE A LOT OF PEOPLE IN YOUR BUILDING WHO REALLY DON'T LIKE YOU, MISTER PALMIVE.
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
WE WANT YOU TO STOP TURNING BEAUTIFUL ANIMALS INTO UNDEAD KILLING MACHINES.
ALSO, WE WANT YOU TO HAVE A MOMENT OF GENUINE REMORSE AND PAINFUL SELF-REALIZATION.
HA!
GET OUT.
YOU...
SNIKT
HEY, KID. DO YOU WANT TO LEAD ALL THE BABY ZEBRAS OUT OF HERE?
I'VE LITERALLY DREAMED OF BEING THE PIED PIPER OF PONIES.
WHO HASN'T?
MR. PALMIVE AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE CHAT.
ABOUT HIS BEING HUMAN SCUM?
PALMIVE
EXACTLY.

ALMIVE
GABBY'S A GOOD KID.
MADE BY @#$% LIKE YOU TO BE A MONSTER. BUT SHE BECAME SOMETHING ELSE. SOMETHING SO MUCH BETTER THAN MOST OF US.
FOR HER, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE. STOP BEING A WALKING SACK OF EVIL, AND STOP TORTURING ANIMALS.
YOU SOUND LIKE MY BOARD. COWARDS, ALL OF THEM.
CLK
BUT I'M NOT TURNING DOWN MILITARY CONTRACTS BECAUSE OF SOME BLEEDING HEARTS.
YOU WANT TO MAKE MORE ZOMBIE ZEBRAS?
I SAY THEE... NEIGH!
SHNK
END.

IRIS, PLAY THE CINEMATIC MASTERPIECE *HOTLINE TO HEAVEN.*
HOTLINE TO HEAVEN IS A 1981 AMERICAN COMEDY FILM THAT WAS--
IRIS!
I KNOW WHAT *HOTLINE TO HEAVEN* IS!
AND WHAT IT ***IS*** IS THE ***GREATEST*** AMERICAN COMEDY OF MY CHILDHOOD. BEA ARTHUR LIVES IN A PHONE BOOTH IN UNION STATION ONLY TO DISCOVER THAT THE PHONE IS SECRETLY A DIRECT LINE TO GOD. WHO, IT TURNS OUT, IS A ***TOTAL JERK.***
LIKE... JUST ***THE WORST.***
IT'S BEEN TOO LONG, AND I WANT TO REWATCH IT, IRIS.
SO PLEASE STOP QUOTING WIKIPEDIA AND PLAY THE FILM *HOTLINE TO HEAVEN,* STARRING BEA ARTHUR, WHO WAS KIND ENOUGH TO GRACE US WITH HER TALENTS FOR MORE THAN SIX DECADES.
I'M SORRY, BUT HOTLINE TO HEAVEN IS NOT AVAILABLE TO STREAM AT THIS TIME.
WHAT?!

IRIS, THIS IS *NOT* THE FUTURE I WAS *PROMISED!*
I WAS PROMISED A WORLD IN WHICH *ALL MEDIA* WOULD BE AVAILABLE AT THE CLICK OF A BUTTON.
A UTOPIA IN WHICH I WOULD *NEVER* HAVE TO LEAVE THE COMFORT OF MY COUCH.
"A UTOPIA"? "AN UTOPIA"? NO, THAT *CAN'T* BE RIGHT.
ARE YOU TELLING ME THAT THIS IS A WORLD *WITHOUT* *HOTLINE TO HEAVEN?*
A WORLD DEPRIVED OF THE COMEDY HIJINKS OF A SASSY, DESTITUTE RETIREE NOT TAKING *ANY GUFF* FROM THE BIG MAN UPSTAIRS...?
IF SO, THIS IS *THE WORST* *MAD MAX* POST-APOCALYPTIC VERSION OF THE WORLD. MORE *DEPRESSING* THAN *THE ROAD* AND MORE *DISAPPOINTING* THAN THE ENDING OF *I AM LEGEND.*
AND NOW, THANKS TO THE FUTURE'S INCOMPETENCE, I HAVE TO LEAVE THE LOVING EMBRACE OF MY APARTMENT...

"...AND SEEK MY PLEASURES ON *ANALOGUE AVENUE.*"
WHAT?!
MOVIE MOJO VHS & DVD RENTALS
FOR LEASE
FOR LEASE
GOING OUT OF BUSINESS
HOW DID *THIS* HAPPEN?
I WAS JUST HERE *TWELVE YEARS AGO.*
PLEASE...
...HELP ME!
YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
WHERE THE HELL DID YOU GUYS *COME FROM?* CENTRAL CASTING FOR EVERY '80s MOVIE SET IN NEW YORK?
WHO BEATS PEOPLE UP IN *ALLEYS* ANYMORE? SERIOUSLY.
PLEASE...
...I JUST WANTED AN OUTLET FOR MY IMPOTENT RAGE.
TELL MY MOM I DIED DOING WHAT I *LOVE.*
GREAT...
BLAM
...NOW I GOTTA VISIT HIS MOM.

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR SAVING MY LIFE.
PLEASE COME IN.
YOU LIVE IN A MOVIE MOJO VHS AND DVD?!
THIS IS *AMAZING!*
GOING OUT OF B
I'VE BEEN LIVING HERE SINCE THE STORE SHUTTERED TEN YEARS AGO.
TURNS OUT THERE'S NO PLACE IN THE WORLD FOR A FORMER VIDEO STORE MANAGER.
EVERYONE WANTS TO STREAM FROM THE COUCH-- NO ONE WANTS THE EXPERIENCE OF ROAMING THE AISLES, READING BOX COVERS, PAYING LATE FEES.
THE WORLD HAS MOVED ON--
YOU USED TO ***MANAGE*** THIS PLACE?!
YOU ***NEED*** TO HELP ME!
I NEED A COPY OF *HOTLINE TO HEAVEN.* VHS, BETA, DVD, ***WHATEVER*** YOU HAVE!
THE ONE WITH BEA ARTHUR? WHERE SHE LIVES IN A LOCKER IN UNION STATION?
SHE LIVES IN A ***PHONE BOOTH.*** HENCE THE TITLE.
IS THAT THE ONE WHERE SHE BEATS UP GOD AND ENDS UP TAKING OVER HEAVEN?
SPOILERS!
YEAH, YEAH. I REMEMBER IT.
PLEASE TELL ME YOU STILL HAVE A COPY!
I'M SORRY...
...WE *DID.*
HOWEVER, WHEN WE CLOSED DOWN, CORPORATE SOLD ALL OF OUR MOVIES.
SOLD THEM TO ***WHO?***
ALL OF MOJO'S MOVIES WENT TO THE SAME PLACE.
BUT THE PLACE IS IMPENETRABLE. THE MOVIE IS AS GOOD AS LOST.
YOU LET ME WORRY ABOUT WHAT IS AND ISN'T PENETRABLE.
JUST TELL ME ***WHERE.***

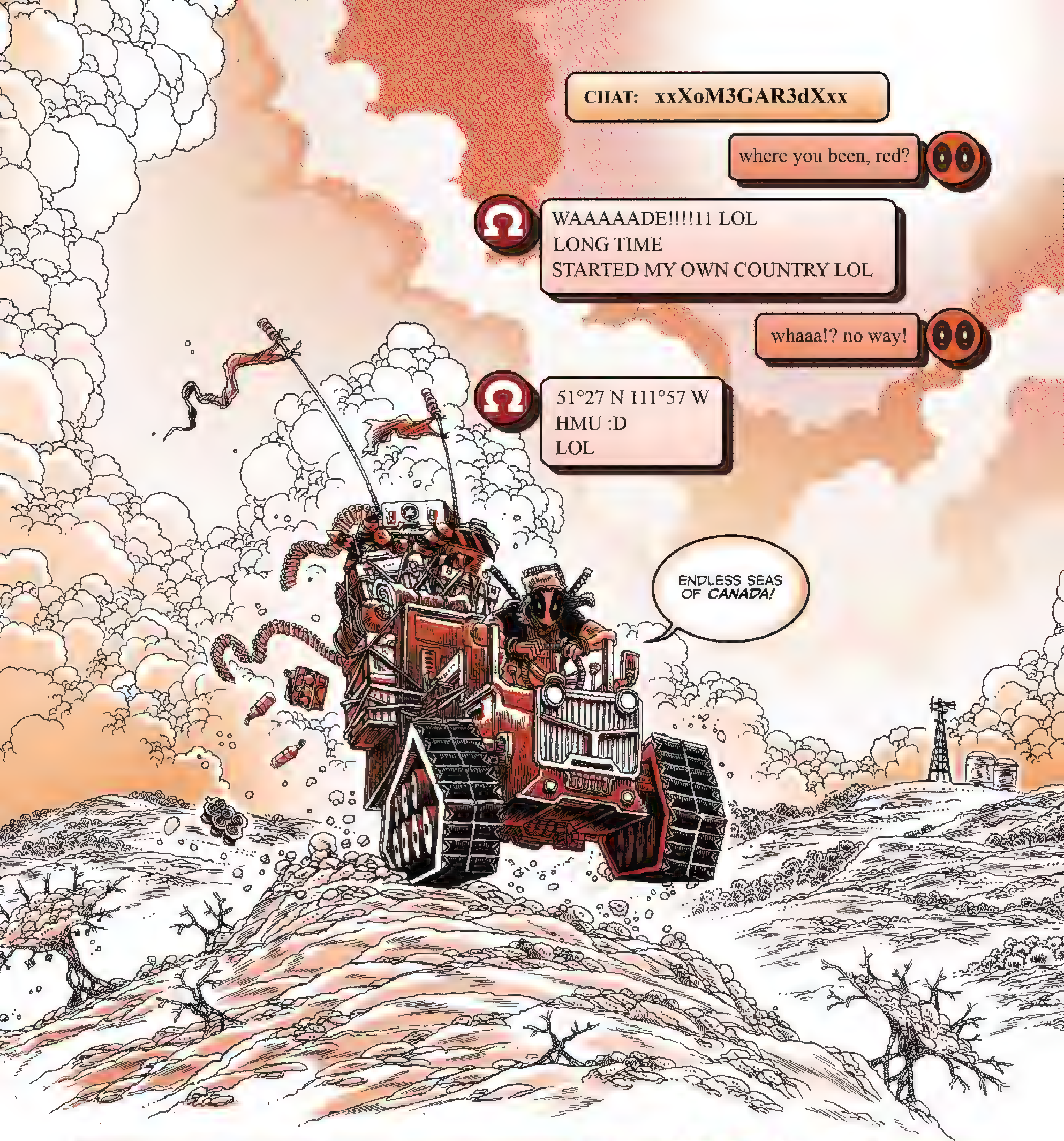
NORTH·VALNON.
"ALL OF OUR VIDEOS AND DVDs WERE PURCHASED BY REPRESENTATIVES OF LEE MIN-HWAN, DICTATOR AND SUPREME LEADER OF NORTH VALNON.
"EVEN THOUGH HE DOESN'T PERMIT THOSE HE RULES OVER TO WATCH ANY NON-STATE-PRODUCED MEDIA...
"...HE'S A *MASSIVE* FAN OF AMERICAN MOVIES AND HAS A TWENTY-STORY FORTRESS THAT HOUSES THE LARGEST COLLECTION OF FILMS IN THE KNOWN UNIVERSE.
"THE ARCHIVE IS HEAVILY GUARDED. *NO ONE* OTHER THAN LEE MIN-HWAN AND AN ELITE KILL SQUAD, WHOSE ONLY MISSION IS TO PROTECT THE FILMS AT *ALL COSTS*, HAVE SET FOOT INSIDE THE MOVIE MECCA.
"THOSE FILMS ARE MORE PROTECTED THAN EVEN HIS OWN CHILDREN."

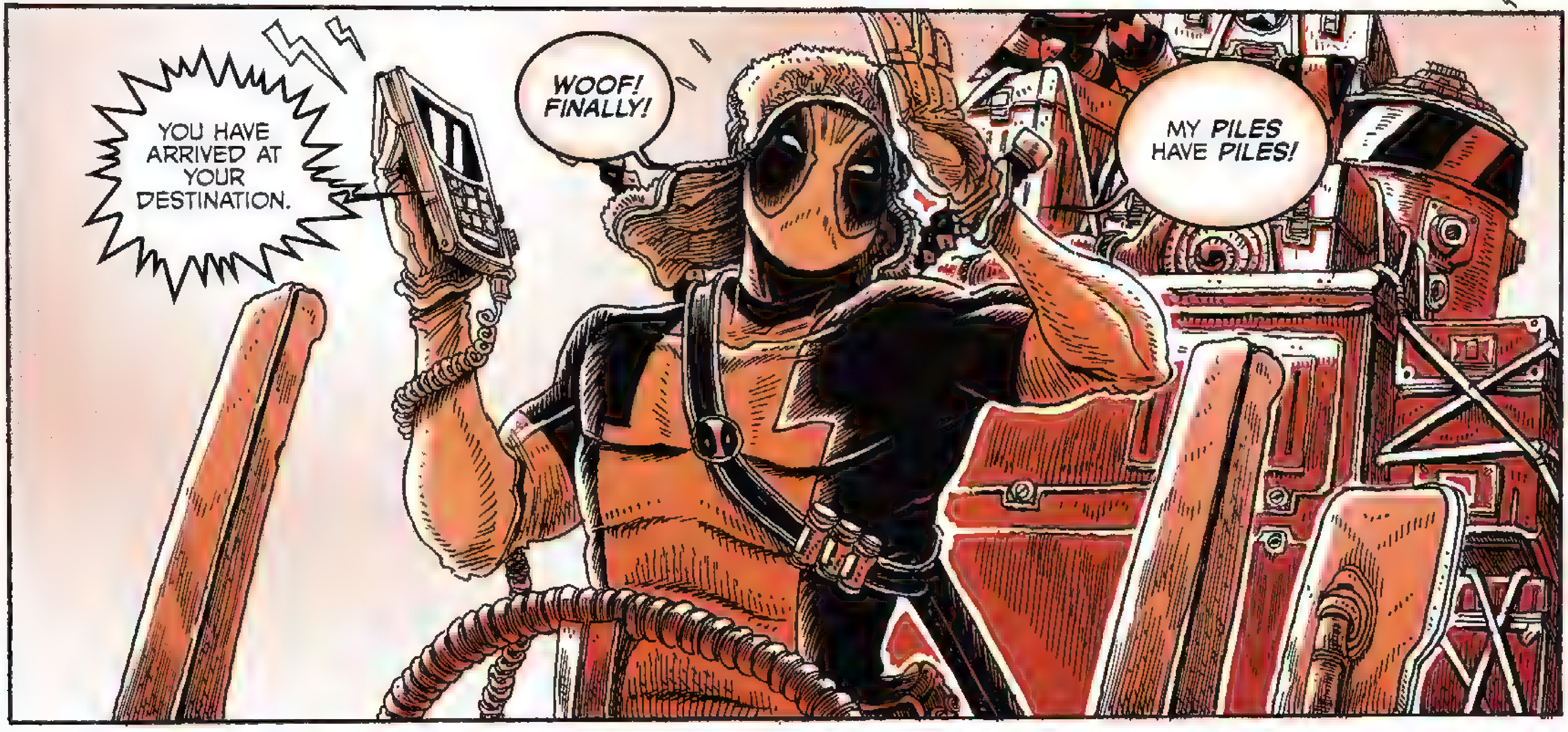
WHOA.
LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT? WHO CARES?
MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS? I DOUBT IT.
BARGAIN WITH BULLETS? NEVER HEARD OF IT.
THE DAY THE CLOWN CRIED? SOUNDS DUMB.
HEY!
THIS COLLECTION IS PRIVATE. TRESPASSING IS PUNISHABLE BY DEATH.
WELL, I GOTTA TELL YOU, PAL--SO FAR THIS COLLECTION SUCKS.
I'VE BEEN HERE TWENTY MINUTES ALREADY AND HAVEN'T SEEN A SINGLE BEA ARTHUR MOVIE. JUST TRASH THAT NOBODY CARES ABOUT.
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
PLEASE...

I'M ONLY GOING TO ASK YOU THIS ONCE, SO THINK CAREFULLY BEFORE YOU ANSWER.
WHERE ARE ALL THE BEA ARTHUR MOVIES?!
OF COURSE. THIS HAPPENS EVERY TIME.
I FINALLY FIND SOMEONE TO ASK AND THE THING IS SITTING RIGHT IN FRONT OF MY FACE.
5150
BEA ARTHUR
NOPE. NOPE. NOPE. NOPE.
BINGO!
HEY...
MOVIE MOJO VHS RENTALS

...DROP THE VIDEO CASSETTE AND COME ALONG PEACEFULLY, NO ONE HAS TO GET HURT!
UGH. YOU GUYS AGAIN.
BLAM BLAM BLAM
SORRY, FOLKS, SHOWTIME'S ABOUT TO START!
KABOOOOOM
NOW ***THAT'S*** A BOX OFFICE BOMB.

OOOOOOH...
...A COLORED CASSETTE?
THAT'S HOW YOU KNOW THE MOVIE *IS CLASS!*
ALL RIGHT, BEA, YOU SEXY BEAST.
TRANSPORT ME BACK TO A MUCH MORE INNOCENT, THOUGH NO LESS CONFUSING, TIME.
PLAY
HMMMM.
GOD? RIGHT. NICE TRY, PAL. AND I'M MOTHER TERESA. LAST TIME SOMEONE TRIED TO CONVINCE ME HE WAS A GOD, I WOKE UP THREE DAYS LATER IN ARIZONA WITH NO MONEY, NO HAIR AND A BABY KANGAROO NAMED GARY.
OH MY...
APPARENTLY I WAS AN *IDIOT* AS A KID BECAUSE THIS MOVIE...
...SUUUUUCKS.
AND TO THINK I SPENT TWENTY BUCKS ON A VCR JUST TO WATCH THIS.
WHAT A WASTE.


CHAT: xxXoM3GAR3dXxx
where you been, red?
WAAAAADE!!!!11 LOL
LONG TIME
STARTED MY OWN COUNTRY LOL
whaaa!? no way!
51°27 N 111°57 W
HMU :D
LOL
ENDLESS SEAS OF *CANADA!*


YOU HAVE ARRIVED AT YOUR DESTINATION.
WOOF! FINALLY!
MY *PILES* HAVE *PILES!*

HMMM... "COUNTRY" MAY HAVE BEEN A BIT OF AN OVERSTATEMENT THERE, RED.
BUT ROME WASN'T BUILT IN A DAY! AND NEITHER WAS AN OFF-BRAND SOVIET-STYLE REPUBLIC IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BOONIES APPARENTLY.
$#!@ IT'S COLD! MAYBE THEY HAVE SOUP?
SOUP IS GOOD FOOD.
WEEEEEEEE!!
BEEF AND BARLEY? MINESTRONE? ITALIAN WEDDING?
BORSCHT? NO, THAT'S TOO ON THE NOSE!
WELCOME, OBNOXIOUS SOUP-CRAZED MAN! MAY I SEE YOUR PASSPORT?
PEW! PEW! PEW!
UHHH...
SIR! THIS IS... OH...
OH GOD?!
How did he manage to fit a whole watermelon...
AH, I SEE.

"ULTRA SPECIAL ZONE OF THE OMEGA RED SPONSORED UNITED SOVIET REPUBLIC"...
USZORSUSR? CATCHY!
WELCOME! TO THE ULTRA-SPECIAL ZONE OF THE OMEGA RED SPONSORED UNITED SOVIET REPUBLIC!
WAAADE WIIILSON!!
COME TO MY ARMS!
HUUUUU!
HAHA! MY TINY RASPBERRY BOY! YOU CAME!
MISSED YOU OODLES, BIG GUY! LOVE WHAT YOU'VE DONE WITH THE PLACE!
YOU LIKE? ONLY I COULD CREATE SUCH A UTOPIA ON EARTH, NO?
CLEARLY! BUT WHATCHA DOIN' WAY OUT HERE IN CANUCK-LAND? BIT FAR FROM THE MOTHERLAND, EH?
BLEAH! RUSSIA IS TOO SMALL FOR OMEGA RED!
THEY SAY "OH, OMEGA RED, WHY MUST YOU HANG AROUND? YOU'RE JUST A BUNDLE OF RAGE WITH NO CHARM OR CHARISMA! WE DON'T NEED ANOTHER CARICATURE OF COLD WAR HYSTERIA, GO AWAY AND NEVER DARKEN OUR DOORS AGAIN!"
BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH! IDIOTS
BUT, I SHOWED THEM! I CARVED OUT MY OWN BETTER COUNTRY IN THESE BARREN STEPPES AND NOW EVERYONE BACK HOME IS SUPER JEALOUS!
COME! MARVEL AT MY ACHIEVE-MENTS!

HERE, WE HAVE OUR *CULTURAL EMBASSY!*
#1 HIT!!
BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN, BETWEEN THE SATIN SHEETS
OMEGA RED
SLAPS THE BASS!
ALL THE HITS!
OMEGA RED SLAPS THE BASS! (and other instruments) GREATEST HITS VOLUME 1
AGRI-CULTURE!
THE UMMM... *MINISTRY OF MEDIUM MACHINE BUILDING.*
KEEP OUT!
WHOA, WHOA, WHOA! IS THAT A NU--
MOVING ON!!
THAT'S... *GARY.*
HE'S LOCAL, BUT DON'T WORRY, HE'S COOL!
GO AHEAD AND TRY HIS BEEF JERKY, YOU'LL DIE!
CAT CIRCUS!
OF COURSE!
AND MOST IMPORTANTLY, *MISSILE DEFENSE!*
HOLY SMOKIES! WHAT A SPREAD!

I CAN TELL FROM THE GLISTENING IN YOUR COLD, WHITE EYES THAT YOU ARE MOST IMPRESSED!
THESE PEEPERS NEVER LIE! BUT AREN'T YOU WORRIED ABOUT HAVING ALL OF THIS HARDWARE PARKED INSIDE...UH...
...CANADA?
HAHAHAHA!! UHHH OHHH, SCARY CANADA! HAHAHAHA!!
I'D BETTER WATCH OUT OR ALPHA FLIGHT WILL COME AND GET ME! HAHAHAHA!! FUNNY MAN!
MEANWHILE, IN THE OTHER PART OF CANADA...
sniff sniff
WHAT IS IT, SASQUATCH?
HMMM... I SENSE SOMEONE MAKING FUN OF CANADA.
WHAT?! AGAIN?!
INCREDIBLE, I KNOW. THE ONLY QUESTION IS...WHY?
REST ASSURED, LITTLE SPAGHETTI-ARMED MAN, THERE ARE ABSOLUTELY NO PROBLEMS IN THE USZORSUSR!
WE. ARE. SOLID!
??
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
RUMBLE

DOWN WITH THE OPPRESSORS !!
INTO THE BREACH, COMRADES !!
URSA MAJOR !!!
YOU BUTTHEAD SEPARATIST !!
WHOA! WHAT'S WITH THE ANGRY PADDINGTON ?
I INVITED HIM FROM THE OLD COUNTRY LAST WEEK!
HE DECIDED TO BE AN ENEMY OF PROGRESS AND OVERTHROW ME ON TUESDAY!
MAN THE RAMPARTS, BOYS!
DEATH TO ALL TRAITORS !!

GEEZ, THINGS SURE WENT ALL *LORD OF THE FLIES* AROUND HERE REALLY QUICK!
WHOA! HEY! INNOCENT BYSTANDER HERE!
NO SUCH THING, DEAPOOL!
I SAW YOU STANDING WITH YOUR *BFF! YOU WILL DIE A COLLAB-ORATOR'S DEATH!!*
SUPER-SECRET SLEEP CELL:
ACTIVATE !!!
BLAM BLAM BLAM
OW! WHAT?! GARY?!
I THOUGHT YOU WERE COOL, MAN ?!

OW! OW! OW! OW!
WHAT IS IT WITH FERAL CANADIANS ?!
I DON'T EVEN WANT TO TRY YOUR BEEF JERKY ANYMORE, JERK!
?!
Ping!
KA-BOOM

HRRR! URSA MAJOR LIVES!
NOT FOR LONG, BEAR TRAITOR!
YOU KNOW OUR LAWS! JUSTICE WILL FIND YOU IN THE FORM OF BUTTERED CARBONADIUM TENTACLE WHIPS!!
500 LASHES !!!
BUTTER
HA! YOUR UNJUST LAWS HOLD NO MEANING UNTIL YOU PRY THE ONE TRUE BANNER FROM MY COLD, DEAD PAWS!
HA! SEPARATIST PROPAGANDA!
THERE IS ONLY ONE FLAG THAT FLIES OVER THE ULTRA SPECIAL ZONE OF THE OMEGA RED SPONSORED UNITED SOVIET REPUBLIC!
WHOA WHOA WHOA! IS THAT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?
AREN'T BOTH OF YOUR FLAGS--
COMPLETELY DIFFERENT? DUH, OF COURSE THEY ARE!
THE PROUD STANDARD OF THE USZORSUSR MUST CONTINUE TO BE A RED OMEGA SYMBOL ON A RED FIELD! IT'S A TRADITION THAT DATES BACK HUNDREDS OF HOURS!
NONSENSE! THAT FLAG IS EGOMANIA MANIFEST!
THE ONLY TRUE REPRESENTATION OF THE USZORSUSR IS A SUPER-PATRIOTIC RED BEAR/HUMAN HYBRID ON A RED FIELD!
OH, I SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING NOW. THE WHOLE "ONE COLOR" SCHTICK IN THIS SERIES IS CAUSING ME SOME REAL BUTTACHE.

LOOK, GUYS! I'VE GOT THIS!
JUST TRY NOT TO NUKE THE PLACE FOR ABOUT FIVE MINUTES!
FIVE AND A HALF HOURS LATER...
STILL AT IT, HUH? NO MATTER!
HERE IT IS! THE SOLUTION TO ALL YOUR PROBLEMS! THE NEW FLAG OF THE USZOR...SU..
...S...R?
BEHOLD! THE TRADITIONAL RED OMEGA SYMBOL ACTING AS A NOBLE PILLAR FROM WHENCE THE PROUD RED BEAR/HUMAN HYBRID RISES INTO THE FIRMAMENT!
MY GOD! LOOK AT THE SUBTLE FILIGREE! THE DELICATE LACEWORK!
IT'S... IT'S BEAUTIFUL!
OMEGA RED, UNDER THIS GRAND NEW BANNER, WOULD YOU WECOME AN OLD BEAR BACK INTO THE FOLD?
NO... BUT I WOULD WELCOME BACK... A FRIEND.
THROUGH THE TWIN DISCIPLINES OF SEWING AND CONFLICT RESOLUTION, LET OUR GLORIOUS COUNTRY ONCE AGAIN STAND UNITED!
NOW, WHERE'S THAT SOUP?
THE END
AH! WE HEARD WE HAD SOME NEW VISITORS, SO WE BROUGHT YOU A LITTLE WELCOMING GIFT!
P

#1 VARIANT BY James Stokoe

1
Sure-Man
mini

#2

THERE'S NO USE STRUGGLING, MY FUNNY FRIEND. YOU WILL REMAIN COMPLETELY UNABLE TO MOVE FROM THE NECK DOWN SIMPLY BECAUSE I TOLD YOU TO.
BECAUSE I SPEAK AND *ALL* WHO HEAR ME *MUST* OBEY.
I...AM *ZEBEDIAH KILLGRAVE.*
THEY CALL ME THE *PURPLE MAN.*
UHHH...
WHY?
HOW AMUSING. OBVIOUSLY, I-- WELL, I--
I--I *HAVE* BEEN IN A *S.H.I.E.L.D.* PRISON CELL FOR THE LAST SIX MONTHS.
PROBABLY JUST NEED SOME SUN.
OR MAYBE YOU'RE PEE-YOUR-PANTS SCARED 'CUS YOU KNOW *HE'S* HOT ON YOUR ASS.
AND WHO IS *"HE"*?
THE GUY WHO CAN HEAR YOUR SHRIVELED, LITTLE BEEF JERKY OF A HEART BEATING AT A THOUSAND MILES AN HOUR FROM SIX BLOCKS AWAY...

...CAN SMELL YOUR PUTRID COLOGNE ACROSS THE CITY...
I'M NOT WEARING--
NNN...
...THE GUY WITH THE UNCANNY SIXTH SENSE THAT MAKES ALL HIS OTHER SENSES OBSOLETE.
INCLUDING HIS EARS.
DAREDEVIL.
N-NONSENSE--
GO...STICK YOUR HEAD IN THE TOILET AGAIN.
AND THIS TIME NO DRINKING YOUR WAY OUT OF IT.
OKEY DOKEY!
HUFF...HUFF... HUFF...
MR. KILLGRAVE! DAREDEVIL JUST LEFT MOLLY'S ASKING ABOUT YOU!
Bob
DEADPOOL, STOP. SIT BACK DOWN AND GO BACK TO NOT MOVING.
NO COMPLAINTS HERE.
NO ONE TALKED. I BIT OFF THEIR TONGUES JUST LIKE YOU TOLD ME.
ALL FOR NOTHING.
HE PROBABLY JUST FOLLOWED THIS SCHMUCK.

UP YOU
KRACH
BOWLI
POK
OWW!
POK
WAHH!
POK
POK
POK
GAHH!
KILLGRAVE!
NICE SHOT, DD!
NOW GRAB HIM BEFORE HE TELLS ME I CAN MOVE--
OW!
--AND I HAVE TO KILL YOU.
DEADPOOL...
G-GET ME... SOMEPLACE SAFE ..

NNNN...
NO SUDDEN MOVEMENTS.
AND YOU'LL BE JUUUUST FINE.
SAFEST SPOT IN THE CITY. 360-DEGREE VIEWS.
NO ATTACK WE CAN'T SEE COMING FROM A MI--
GET ME DOWN FROM HERE!
HOOKAY...
CHOK

AHHHHHHH!
BYE BYE, MOTHER TRUCKER--
SAAAAVVVVVEEEEMMMMEEEEEEEEEEE...
AHH... PHOOEY.
SOON...
SO THIS IS YOUR DUMP?
MY SWEET, SWEET *APARTMENT*. YES. THANK YOU VERY MUCH.
AND WHO IS THIS TRASHY YOUNG LADY YOU HAVE FRAMED?
I'D RATHER NOT SAY.
SAY.
THAT'S INEZ.
IF YOU LET ME DIE, I ORDER YOU TO CHOP INEZ INTO TEN THOUSAND PIECES AND EAT ONE PIECE EVERY HOUR FOR TEN THOUSAND HOURS.

SOMEBODY'S IN A BAD MOOD.
JUST...
...MAKE ME SOMETHING TO EAT.
RIGHT AWAY! I'LL WHIP YOU UP THE BEST... SOMETHING-TASTIER-THAN-INEZ YOU'VE EVER HAD.
WHAT THE ?
NNNN...
OL' MOTHER HUBBARD...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
MAKING FOOD.
DO YOU WANT IT TWO-DIMENSIONAL OR THREE?
'CUS IF IT'S THREE, I'LL NEED TO GO BUY TAPE.
Crayons
WHAT AM I THINKING? THERE'S NO WAY SOMEONE AS DUMB AS YOU CAN KILL DAREDEVIL.
CHECK THE INTERNET, MAN! I'M BIGGER, STRONGER, FASTER.
AND HE MAY HAVE EYES IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD AND BE SMART OR WHATEVER...
...BUT I CAN HEAL FROM ANY WOUND.

OKAY. ONE LAST CHANCE.
YOU GO OUT RIGHT NOW, HUNT DOWN DAREDEVIL AND *KILL* HIM.
NO FUNNY GAMES. NO STUPID WITTY BANTER. I WANT HIM **DEAD!**
WHAT IF HE SHOWS UP *HERE* WHILE I'M OUT *THERE?*
THEN GO TO A PLAYGROUND AND START HACKING UP THE KIDDIES UNTIL HE SHOWS UP *OUT THERE!*
BUT SPIDER-MAN COULD SHOW UP OR IRON FIST OR MY BOY, HOWARD THE DUCK.
FACE IT. YOU WANT TO CATCH DD? *YOU'RE* THE BEST BAIT.
SHUT UP! JUST SHUT UP!
FIND SOMETHING POINTY AND SHOVE IT THROUGH YOUR JAW SO IT STOPS MOVING!
CAN'T EVEN THINK...
BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH...
NRRRRFF...
SHUKK
HAT

WHAT THE ?
64 Crayons
ALL BLACK, WHITE, & RED!
WHAT AN IDIOT.
MAYBE I SHOULD JUST GIVE UP AND RETIRE TO PALM BEACH.
IN SHAME.
⸗SIGH.⸗
PAT PAT PAT PAT PAT
PLAN
THE ?
SO IT TOOK YOU ALL OF TWO MINUTES TO FIND A NEW WAY TO ANNOY THE CRAP OUT OF ME?
THIS BETTER BE THE BEST PLAN EVER, OR I'M GOING TO HAVE YOU EAT WHAT'S-HER-FACE.
YES. DAREDEVIL. WE'RE PAST THAT.
DD
THOSE ARE... MATCHES?
POOT
AAAND... THAT'S A BUTT.
I SEE WHERE THIS IS GOING...
I HOPE YOU'RE HUNGRY.

FWAP FWAP FWAP
YES! YES! I GET IT!
STRIKE A DAMN MATCH--
SSSSssss...
OH, CRAP-- DEADPOOL, STO--
FTZZZ
BOOM

GNNN...
KAFF KAFF
HEY...HORN... HEAD...
WHAT... TOOK YA SO DAMN LONG?
THIS WAS MY FAVORITE APARTMENT.
HE AIN'T DEAD, IS HE?
Live
JUST ASKING FOR A FRIEND.
Love
THE END.

THERE'S THIS THING TERRIBLE WRITERS DO CALLED "IN MEDIAS RES--"
THAT'S BASICALLY SMART-PEOPLE TALK FOR "WE'RE STARTING THIS IN THE MIDDLE OF ALL THE COOL ACTION, AND THEN WE'LL GO BACK AND TELL YOU ALL THE BORING PLOT STUFF."
HONESTLY? IT'S PRETTY HACKNEYED @#$%...BUT AT LEAST I'M ABOUT TO "FLASHBACK" TO SHOOTING SOMEONE IN THE FACE!
H

OOOOH, CARTOONY ULTRAVIOLENCE! CLASSIC.
HAHA, THAT WAS AN ADMITTEDLY AWESOME FLASHBACK, BUT WE'RE GONNA GET TO THE PLOT FOR REAL NOW.

OKAY. I LIED, WE'RE STILL MEDIAS RESSING! BUT TRUST ME, ***TOTALLY*** WORTH IT.
GON' NEED YA TA STOP TALKIN' AT NO ONE AND SHAKE A LEG, *MON HOMME!*
MMM! I ***LOVE*** WHEN YOU TALK CAJUN AT ME! NOW DO THE THINGGGG--
AHHHAAAHA, THAAAAT'S ***NOLA SPICY!***

SO HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE THEY MADE US STOP DOING COOL FACE-SHOOTY EXPLODEY STUFF TO GIVE YOU *"IMPORTANT CHARACTER DEVELOPMENT."* SNOOZE ALERT!
THAT'S ***BENJAMINA "BENJI" FREDRICK,*** CRIMINAL TECH BILLIONAIRE AND ALL-AROUND ***BAD LADY,*** CURRENTLY--*UGH.* EXPOSITION IS SO BOOOOORING!
CRAK
UH, AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT NOISE THAT WAS DEFINITELY NOT A BARTENDER'S NECK BEING SNAPPED JUST NOW.
WE WERE SUPPOSED TO BE TALKING ***BUSINESS,*** BENJI. NOT PLAYING CARDS WITH YOUR ***BOY TOY.***
OH PAH. IT'S SO ***GAUCHE*** TO ***DEAL*** WHILE...DEALING. BUT IF YOU INSIST. FETCH US ANOTHER MIMOSA, DARLING?
BUT 'A COURSE, *MA CHERI.*
OH @#$% IT'S GAMBIT!!!
'NOTHER 'MOSA FOR MISS BENJI, IF'N YOU PLEASE.
HEY THERE, DIRTY RICE. DOES YOUR GUMBO GAL PAL KNOW HER HUSBAND IS A ***TAWDRY*** BOY TOY?
DE HELL ***YOU*** DOIN' 'ERE, WADE?
COULD ASK YOU THE SAME THING, *MOAN CHERRY.*
BENJI'S A MUTANT, Y'KNOW? TECHNOPATH PLAYIN' LOOSE WITH STOCK MARKETS. 'ZAVIER THOUGHT I'D HAVE A GOOD SHOT AT RECRUITIN' 'ER, WHAT WITH MY...*"UNSAVORY BACKGROUND."*
NEAT. SHE HAVE REGENERATIVE POWERS?
HUH? AH, NO--

SWEET!
WADE! STAHP!
WHOA-HO! THAT WAS BENJI'S SKULL I WAS VENTILATING EARLIER? MADE AN IN MEDIAS MESS OF HER FACE, AM I RIGHT?
...WHICH WE CAN'T SHOW THIS AGAIN, OR THE LEGAL DEPARTMENT IS GONNA PUT THE WRITER IN THE "TIME-OUT BASEMENT." AGAIN.
BLAM
TIME TO GO-GO-GIGOLO!
BLAM
BLAM
Y--YOU MURDERED HER! AH WAS S'POSED TO BRING 'ER IN, SHOW HER A DIFFERENT PATH!
SWEET EMERIL SAYS BAM! BENJI WAS A MONSTER.
...I THOUGHT YOU GUYS WOULD BE A LITTLE UPSET ABOUT HER KIDNAPPING AND EATING MUTANT BABIES?
AH KNOW SHE WAS MANIPULATIN' FINANCES AND SUCH, BUT YA DON' EXECUTE FOLK FOR THAT!
AH, SORRY... WHAT?

SEE? WHEN I SAID BENJI WAS A MONSTER, I MEANT ACTUAL, REAL LIFE, BABY-BLOOD-SUCKING **MONSTER**.
PART OF SOME ANCIENT VAMPIRE CULT THAT DISCOVERED MUTANT BLOOD WOULD LET THE UNHOLY ROAM THE EARTH ONCE AGAIN, *YADDA, YADDA*. BEING ABLE TO MANIPULATE CRYPTOCURRENCY WAS JUST A SIDE GIG.
HEH. **CRYPT**-O-CURRENCY! I JUST GOT THAT!!!
STABBIN' THEY HEARTS, AN' CUTTIN' OFF THE HEAD KILLS 'EM, WADE! JUS' LIKE REG'LAR VAMPIRES!
IN MY EXPERIENCE, THAT WORKS ON MOST PEOPLE, REMY.
AND IN CASE YOU WERE **STILL** FEELING UNSURE ABOUT THE **LITERAL MONSTERS** WE'RE SLAYING...
WE'VE **ALSO** GOT HUMAN TRAFFICKERS, DRUG DEALERS, ARMS SMUGGLERS, ARM **SNUGGLERS**, MONOPOLY CHEATS... **SHUDDER** INSTAGRAM INFLUENCERS...
...OH, AND **THIS** GUY LET HIS DOG RUN AROUND OFF-LEASH AND NEVER PICKED UP ITS POO!

...BUT OF COURSE, ALL OF THAT PALES BESIDE THE FACT THEY WERE EATING *MUTANT BABIES.*
SERIOUSLY, HOW DID YOU GUYS MISS THAT? WAS CEREBRO TAKING A NAP? DISTRACTED BY JEAN AND KITTY DOING HOT YOGA IN THE DANGER ROOM?
...JUS' HUSH AND GET US OUTTA HERE, WADE.
AH ASSUME YA GOTTA PLAN? POSSIBLY INVOLVIN' THIS HELICOPTER?
OHH, YOU KNOW IT, CRYSTAL HOT SAUCE! I PLANTED MORE C-4 IN THAT BUILDING THAN A *PIÑATA* MADE OF...C-4.
OKAY, THAT ONE NEEDS WORK.
TIME TO BLOW THIS TACO STAND LIKE IT'S MADE OF C-4! WHICH IT IS. BECAUSE OF ALL THE C-4 I PUT IN IT.
RIGHT. AN *EV'RYONE* DOWN THERE IS A MONSTER, YEH? YA AIN'T JUST FUNNIN' ME 'CUS YOU LOVE DOIN' MURDERS AND BAD JOKES?
I 100% ASSURE YOU, EVERY. SINGLE. PERSON DOWN THERE *DESERVES TO DIE.* NOW WHERE'D I PUT THAT--
PAT PAT
UH, BEIGNET BUDDY? I... SEEM TO HAVE MISPLACED THE CHARGER.
...CHARGER, MHHM?

IN MEDIAS RES MY ASSSSSSS!!!
BIG @%&! KABOOM
KOFF *KOFF*...ANNND N-NOW W-WE'RE ALL CAUGHT UP ONNN THE P-PLOT.

OOF. YA GET 'EM ALL, MON AMI?
UHH-HUHH. THEY WERE ALL BAD. EVEN...EVEN THE JANITOR. H-HOSTED UNDERGROUND GOAT FIGHTS. BRUTAL STUFF. AND ATE BABIES.
RIGHT. BABIES.
OH, HEY... CAN YOU...GIVE ME A HAND? HEH.
SO'S IF THAT CHOPPER GOT 'NOUGH JUICE, WE CAN HEAD BACK TO--
CRAWFISH ETOUFFEE, YOU KNOW WHAT I'D REALLY LIKE? I SAW SOMETHING DOWN IN THE WRECKAGE. SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL. AND-- WELL. AFTER ALL THIS HORROR AND TRAGEDY TODAY...I'D LIKE TO SHARE IT WITH YOU.
...AHH. ALL RIGHT, MON AMI.
HAHA! CHECK IT OUT! FISH FINGERS!
YOU ARE THE WORST, WADE.
I LOVE YOU TOO, GAMBIT.
SPLASH
THE END.

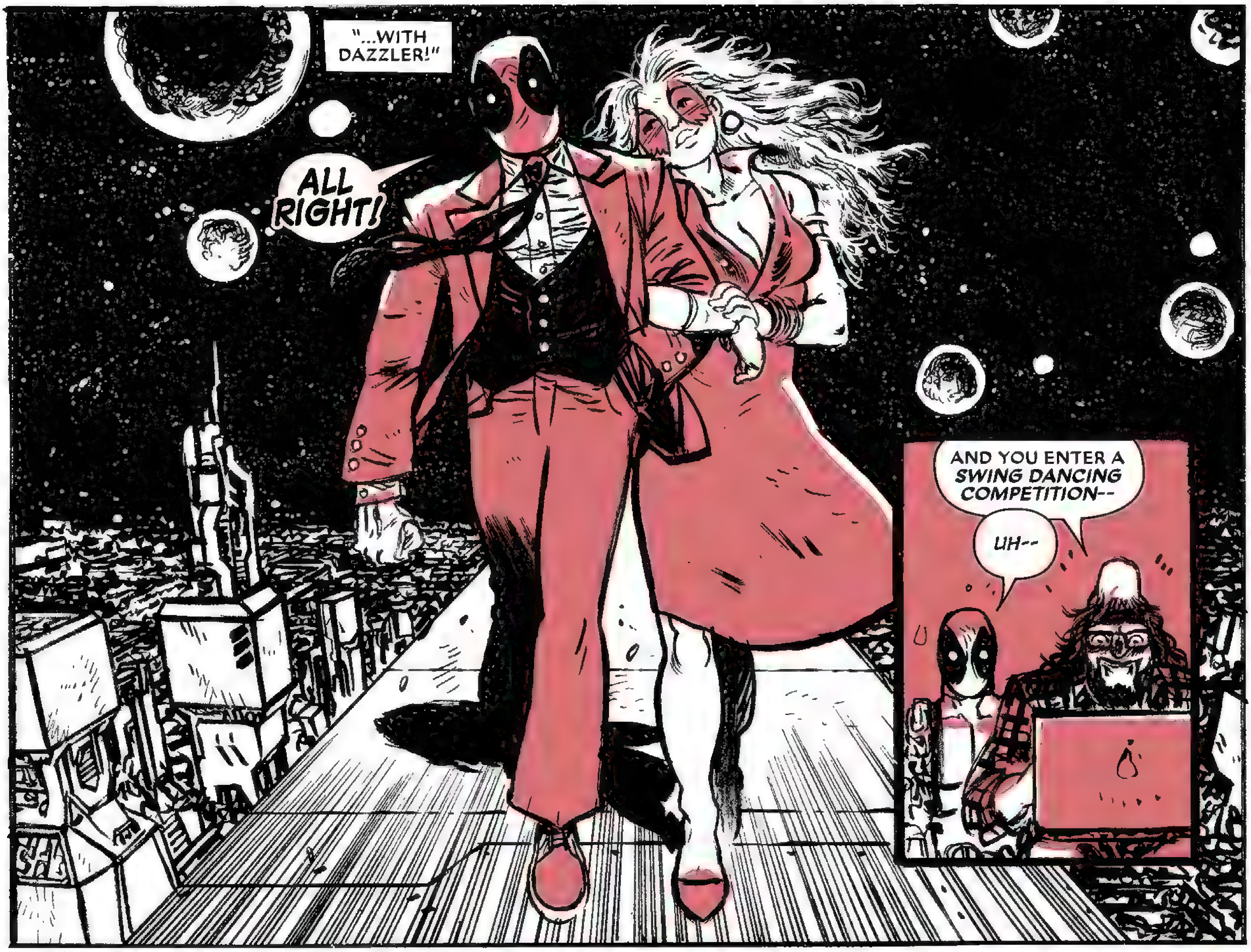
CLING
CLANG
YYAAA!
CHUK
!
HEH.
SHWA
BONK
BONK
NO. *NO!* C'MON, THIS IS WAY OVERDONE.

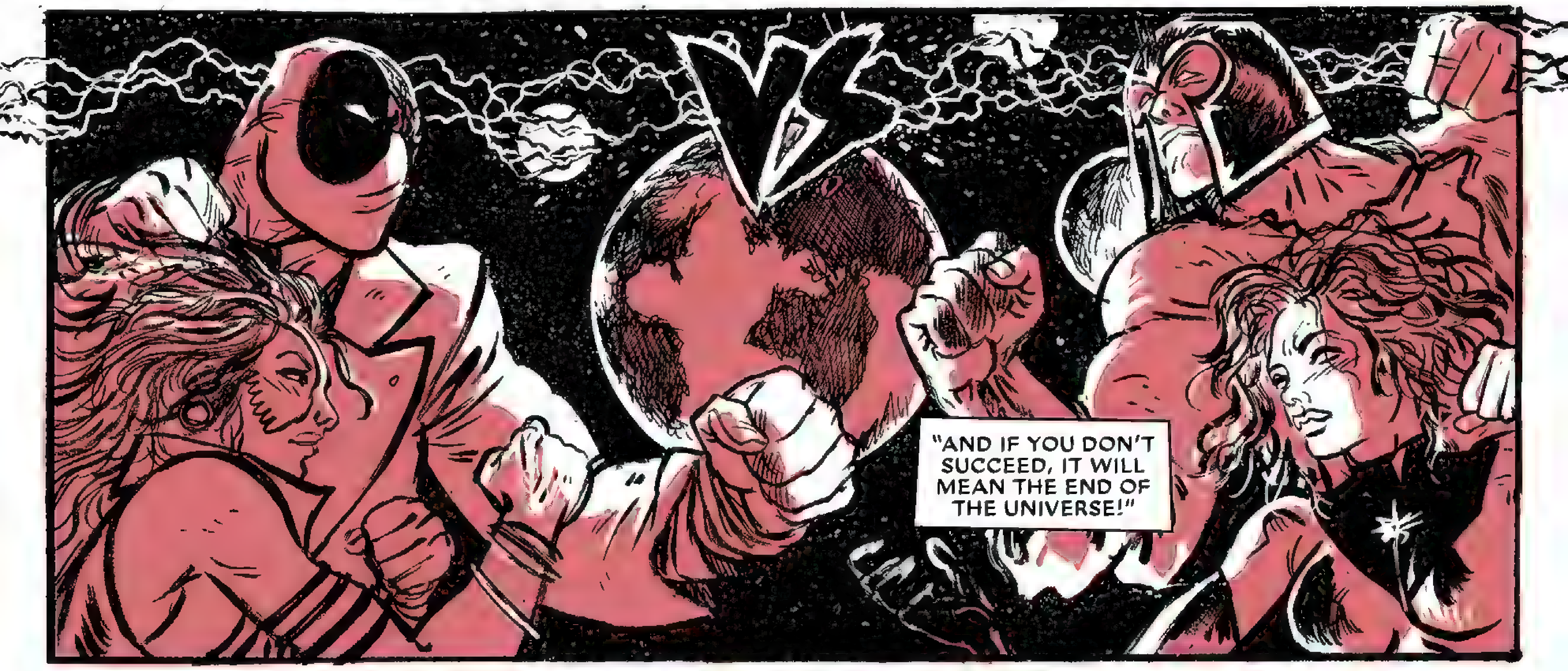
THINK ABOUT HOW MANY TIMES I'VE FOUGHT THAT GUY?! THE PEOPLE NEED SOMETHING *NEW.*
BUT MY DEADLINE IS IN A FEW HOURS AND I'VE GOT TOTAL WRITER'S BLOCK! I HAVE TO SEND IN SOMETHING!
WAIT.
WHAT ABOUT IF...
"...YOU FOUGHT THE HULK?!"
NOOOOOOO!

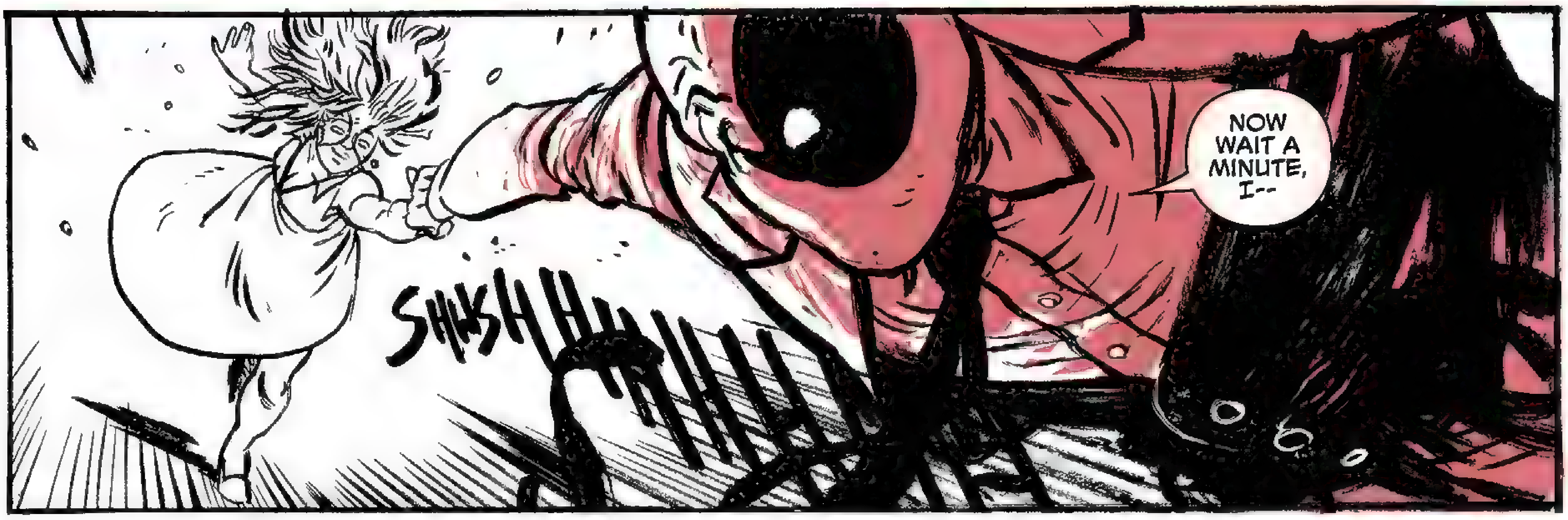
LOOK, YOU'RE THINKING OF ALL THESE VERSUS SITUATIONS, BUT IN REALITY I'VE FOUGHT EVERY SINGLE PERSON IN THIS UNIVERSE. THIS HAS ALL BEEN DONE.
SO...
...A TEAM-UP INSTEAD?!
Typety Typety
WE HAVE TO RESCUE THE WORLD FROM THE CYNINJAS!
THERE'S BEEN A RUPTURE IN THE SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM!
LOCK AND LOAD!
SIGH...

FINE. I WILL INDULGE THIS FOR ONE PAGE AND ONE PAGE ONLY--
CHUK
BZOOOOOWHWH
TATTATATTATATTA
TATTATTATATTA
POW!
CHOP
KRAK
BRATTATATATTA

OKAY. THAT'S ENOUGH! LET'S GET BACK TO BUSINESS!
OKAY, OKAY, C'MON, **FOCUS!!!**
ALL THESE STORIES ARE SO...VIOLENT!
BUT ISN'T THAT YOUR... M.O.?
YOU THINK I SHOOT AND CUT THINGS 24/7? A MAN NEEDS HOBBIES! WE NEED A FRESH TAKE.
THERE ARE ONLY SO MANY WAYS I CAN STAND IN A COOL POSE WITH MY KATANAS. I WANT TO DO SOMETHING NEW!
I KNOW!
WHAT IF YOU WENT ON A DATE?
OH, I LIKE WHERE THIS IS HEADED!
TSST TSST


"...WITH DAZZLER!"
ALL RIGHT!
AND YOU ENTER A *SWING DANCING COMPETITION*--
UH--


VS
"AND IF YOU DON'T SUCCEED, IT WILL MEAN THE END OF THE UNIVERSE!"


SHUSHHHH
NOW WAIT A MINUTE, I--

BANG!
SPIN
CATCH
THIS...
BOOM!
...IS ACTUALLY PRETTY DARN COOL.
"NO, NO, NO."

WHY DID YOU STOP? THAT WAS AMAZING!!!
I DON'T KNOW HOW I WOULD END IT! AND I THINK PEOPLE WOULD JUST THINK I'M DUMB FOR MAKING A STORY WHERE DEADPOOL DANCES THE WHOLE TIME...
YOU'RE SELF-EDITING TOO SOON! YOU'RE DESTROYING THE CREATIVE PROCESS!
I'M SO STUCK.
I WANT TO DO THIS RIGHT.
I WANT TO CELEBRATE YOU THE BEST WAY I CAN.
ALL THIS IS JUST DRIVEL.
...
WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME ABOUT THE FIRST TIME WE MET?
"DAD, CAN I BUY THIS? WITH MY ALLOWANCE?"

DEADPOOL?
AS IN, A POOL OF DEATH? SERIOUSLY, DAN?
SIGH
ALL RIGHT. BUT WE'LL HAVE TO RIP OUT ALL THE BLOODY PAGES.
YES!

DOES THIS...EVEN WORK?
IT'S A DAMN GOOD START.
WHAT DO YOU DO?!?

#1 VARIANT BY Kyle Hotz & Rachelle Rosenberg

#3

WHAT'S BLACK AND WHITE AND RED ALL OVER?
SERIOUSLY?
WHAT?
YOU JUST ASKED ME A QUESTION.
SO WHAT IS IT???
WHAT IS WHAT?
"WHAT IS WHAT?" WHAT DOES *THAT* MEAN?
I WASN'T TALKING TO YOU.
YOU WERE LOOKING RIGHT AT ME.
EEE! EEE!
I CAN SEE HOW YOU'D THINK THAT MEANT I WAS TALKING TO YOU.
SISTER, WHY DOES YOUR PENGUIN LOOK SO SQUIRRELY?
EEE! EEE!
WAIT, WAIT, WAIT. WHAT WAS IT?
WHAT WAS WHAT?
BLACK AND WHITE AND WHATEVER THE OTHER THING WAS.
...Oh. Wait. I get it. God, this is lame.

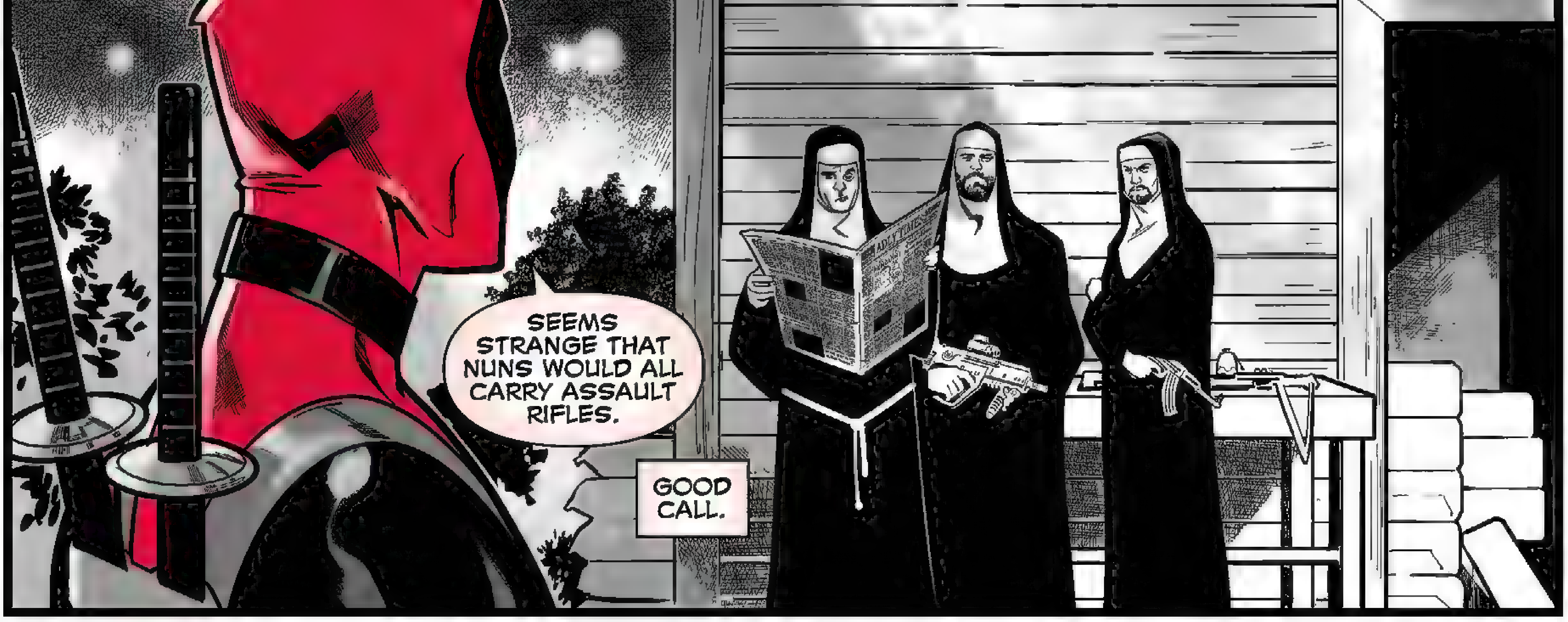
THE ANSWER IS A SKINHEAD IN A NUN OUTFIT BEING RIPPED APART BY AUTOMATIC WEAPON FIRE! FIRST CLASS ALL THE WAY, YOU @#$%&@# DONKEYS!
I BET YOU'RE WONDERING HOW I GOT HERE.
Who are you talking to? Also, isn't it *read* all over?
Not even kind of. Obviously, I've been with you the entire time.
I STILL DON'T GET IT.
ADLY TIMES
FOR SALE
PENGUIN
special OFFER

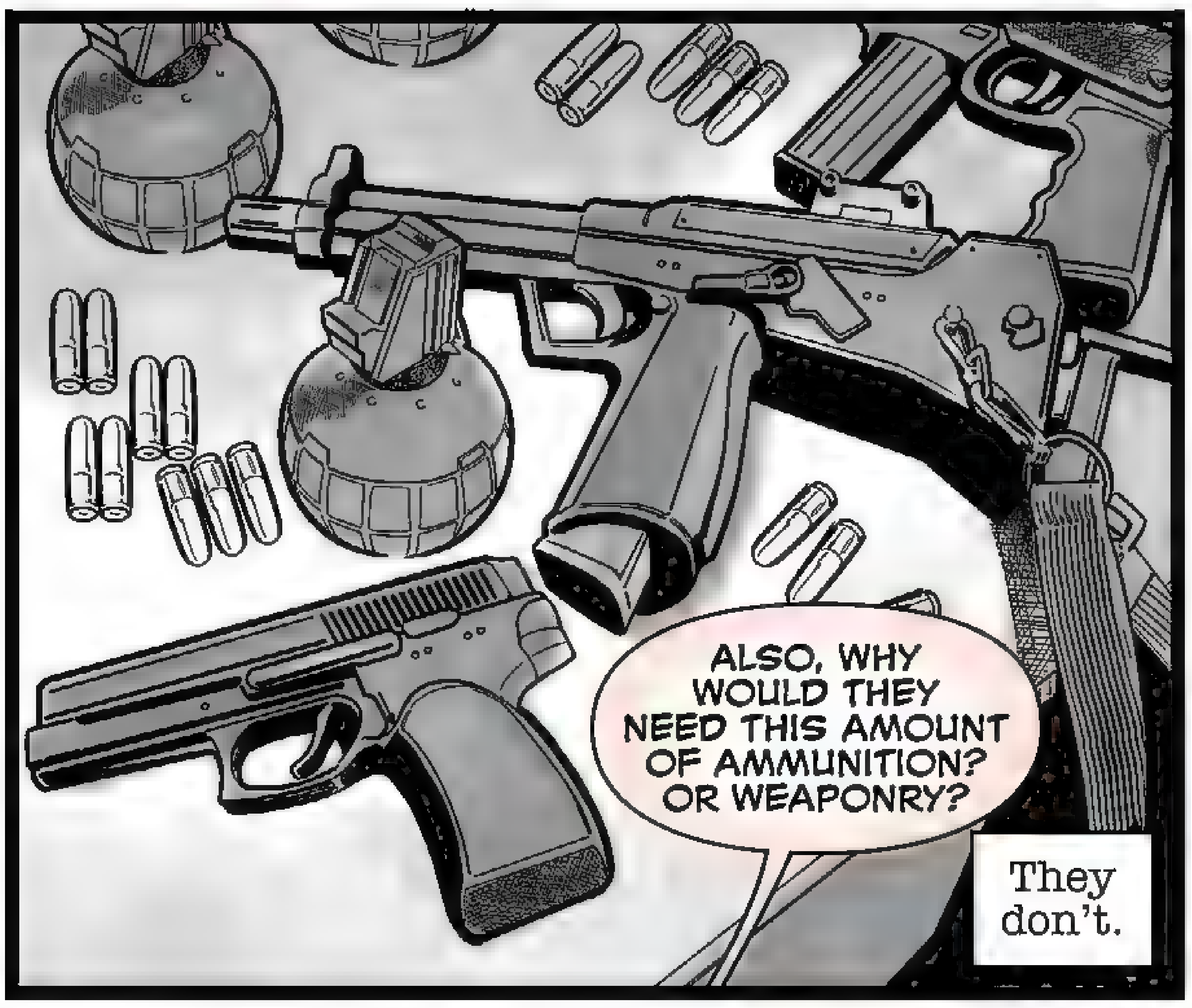
ONE WEEK AGO.
¡MUERE %#$%&$&#!
YOUR BOAT LOOKS COOL!
HAVE YOU GUYS EVER TRIED RIDING ONE OF THESE THINGS? SUPER FUN. THE ONLY WAY TO GET AROUND ON THE WATER AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED.
SHRRK
I LOVE JET SKIS!
This is literally the first time you've ever been on one.
SHRRIP
HOW DID RAMBO NEVER TRY THIS???
HRK!!!
OR THAT? THAT'S A COOL GAG.
POP
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
You're not wrong.

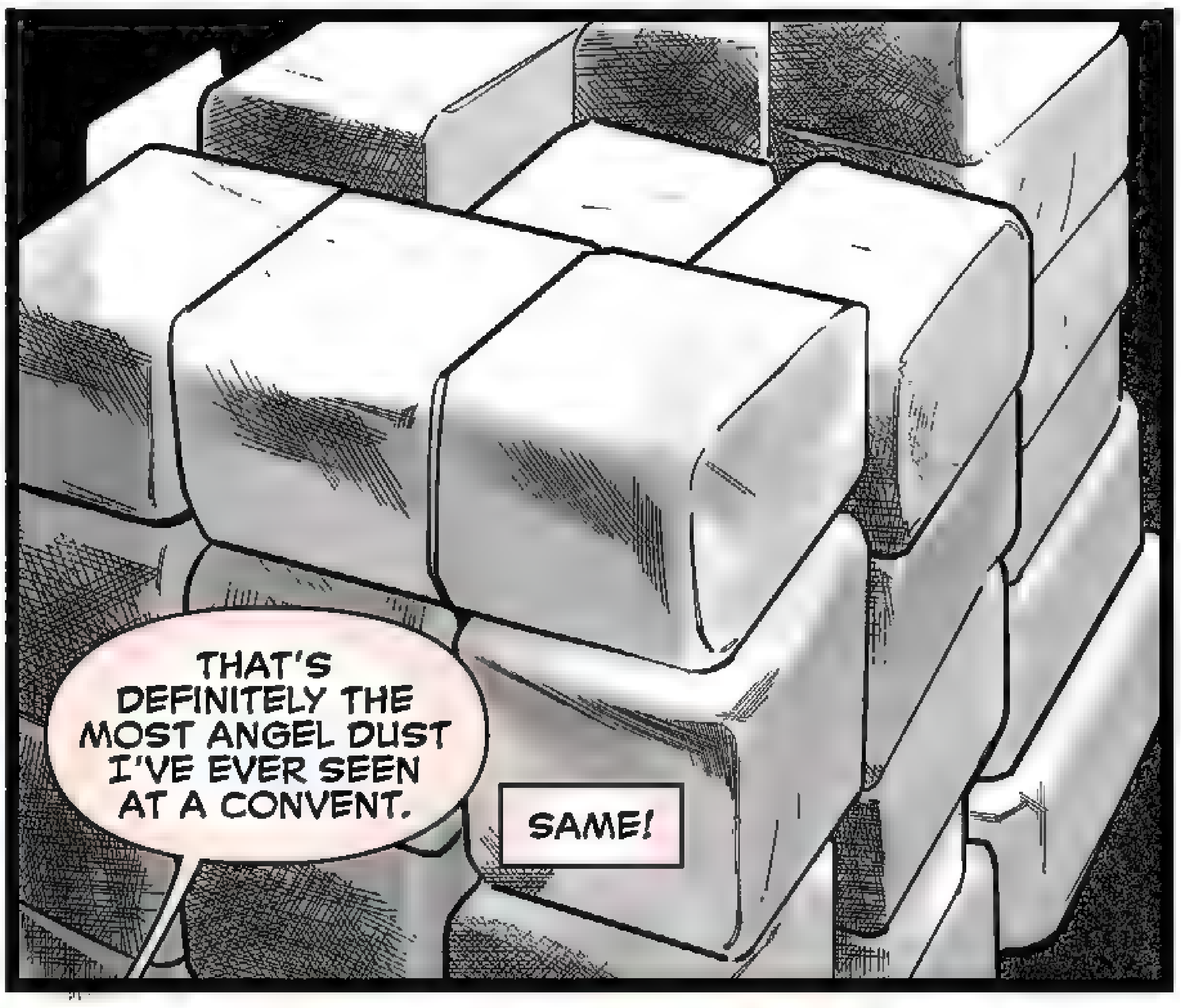
SMILING LEMON RESORT, HAPPY HOUR.
SHORTLY AFTER.
MOTHER OF GOD!
HERE YA GO, BOSS. SIX CARTEL GUNMEN MURDERED AND BEHEADED, WITH THE HEADS AND BODIES SEPARATED AND DISPLAYED IN THE LOBBY OF YOUR POPULAR AND SUCCESSFUL HOTEL.
I NEVER ASKED YOU TO DO ALL THAT! I'M THE HOTEL MANAGER. I JUST TOLD YOU TO KILL THEM BECAUSE THEY WERE SHOOTING AT MY TOURISTS!
REALLY? *HUH.* GUESS I MADE UP ALL THE WEIRD STUFF ON MY OWN.
LOOK, LET'S MOVE THIS CONVERSATION-- AND ALL THE...DEAD BODIES AND HEADS... TO MY OFFICE. I'M THE HOTEL MANAGER.
IT'S WEIRD THAT YOU KEEP SAYING THAT!
I PROBABLY SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT THIS WHOLE *"PUTTING THE DEAD BODIES AND HEADS IN MY OFFICE"* THING THROUGH MORE. REALLY SKIPPED A BUNCH OF STEPS. WHOLE BUNCH OF OTHER OPTIONS.
LIKE, LITERALLY JUST OUR BASEMENT. THIS IS A HOTEL. WE'VE GOT A HUGE BASEMENT.
I WOULD DEFINITELY MOVE THEM AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. YOU MAY NOT KNOW IT TO LOOK AT THEM, BUT THEY'VE ALREADY STARTED TO DECOMPOSE.
THANKS.
YOU'RE WELCOME.
WHICH IS THE THING THAT I *WOULD* BE SAYING TO YOU AFTER YOU THANKED ME FOR PAYING YOU IN THE AGREED UPON WAY. SPEAKING OF WHICH, I CAN'T PAY YOU IN THE AGREED UPON WAY.

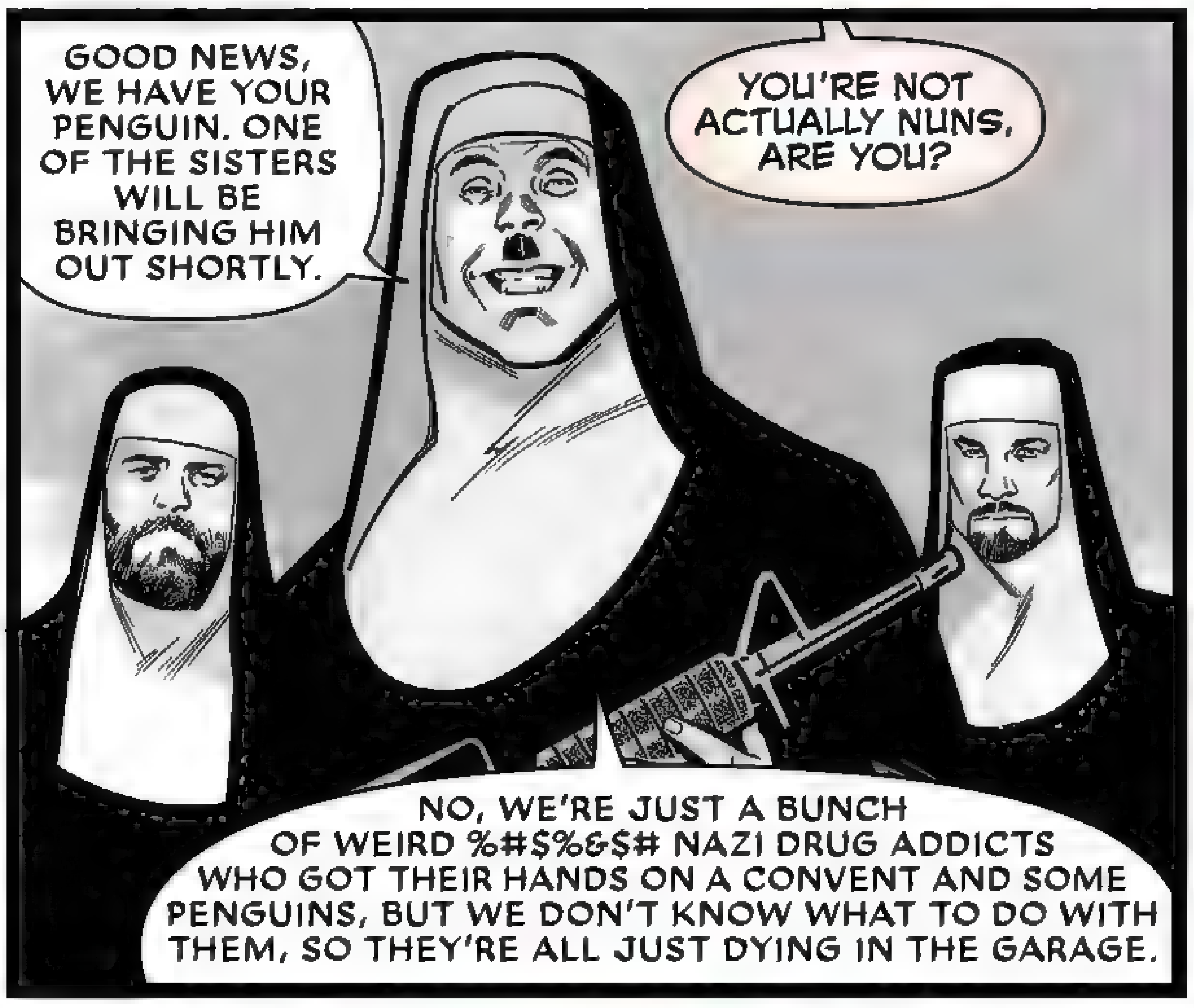
I HAVE MONEY! LOTS OF MONEY! I CAN PAY MORE THAN DOUBLE THE AMOUNT OF MONEY I SPENT ON GETTING THE THING YOU WANTED AS PAYMENT!
I DON'T WANT MONEY--
I WANT MY *PENGUIN!*
PENGUIN CONVENT???
IT'S NOT MY FAULT. I SWEAR TO GOD I ORDERED ONE. I GAVE THEM MY CREDIT CARD INFO AND EVERYTHING. THEY TELL ME THEY'VE PUT A PENGUIN ASIDE FOR YOU. A PENGUIN CALLED *"PENGUIN."*
I SAY GREAT. I ACTUALLY EMAIL JUST THE WORD *"GREAT."* AND THEN NOTHING. CRICKETS. I'M STARTING TO QUESTION THE LEGITIMACY OF THIS WHOLE PENGUIN CONVENT.
NOW, YES, YOU COULD SAY I SHOULD HAVE DONE SOME HOMEWORK, FOUND SOME REVIEWS--ANYTHING. AND YES, YOU COULD SAY IT'S INSANE TO BUY PENGUINS FROM A CONVENT SOMEWHERE IN THE HIMALAYAS. AND YOU'D BE RIGHT.
ADLY TIMES
FOR SALE PENGUIN
I WANT MY PENGUIN. TAKE ME TO THE PENGUIN CONVENT.
I DON'T KNOW THAT THERE *IS* A PENGUIN CONVENT.
OR I COULD JUST KILL YOU.
HIMALAYAS OR BUST, BABY!
LATER, In some random Nepalese airport.
I'M TIRED!
YEAH, I MEAN, YOU DID TALK THE WHOLE FLIGHT HERE... MAINLY TO YOURSELF... WITH WEIRDLY LONG PAUSES...
AHH. THE HIMALAYAS. SURF CITY, U.S.A.
What the--?
AHH. THE HIMALAYAS. PART MAN. PART ROBOT. ALL COP.
DO YOU...DO YOU EVEN REMEMBER THAT I'M HERE?
%#$% THIS NOISE, I'M OUT OF HERE!
HOW MANY STEVES DOES IT TAKE TO SCREW IN A TRAVEL SHOW?
...Screw in a travel show...? What does that even--
STEVES. THE ANSWER IS RICK STEVES.
THE ANSWER IS *ALWAYS* RICK STEVES!
NOW, WHERE WAS I? *OH YEAH--*
TIME TO GET MY PENGUIN!
I LOVE PENGUINS!
No, you don't. This has never been a thing.
Cherry

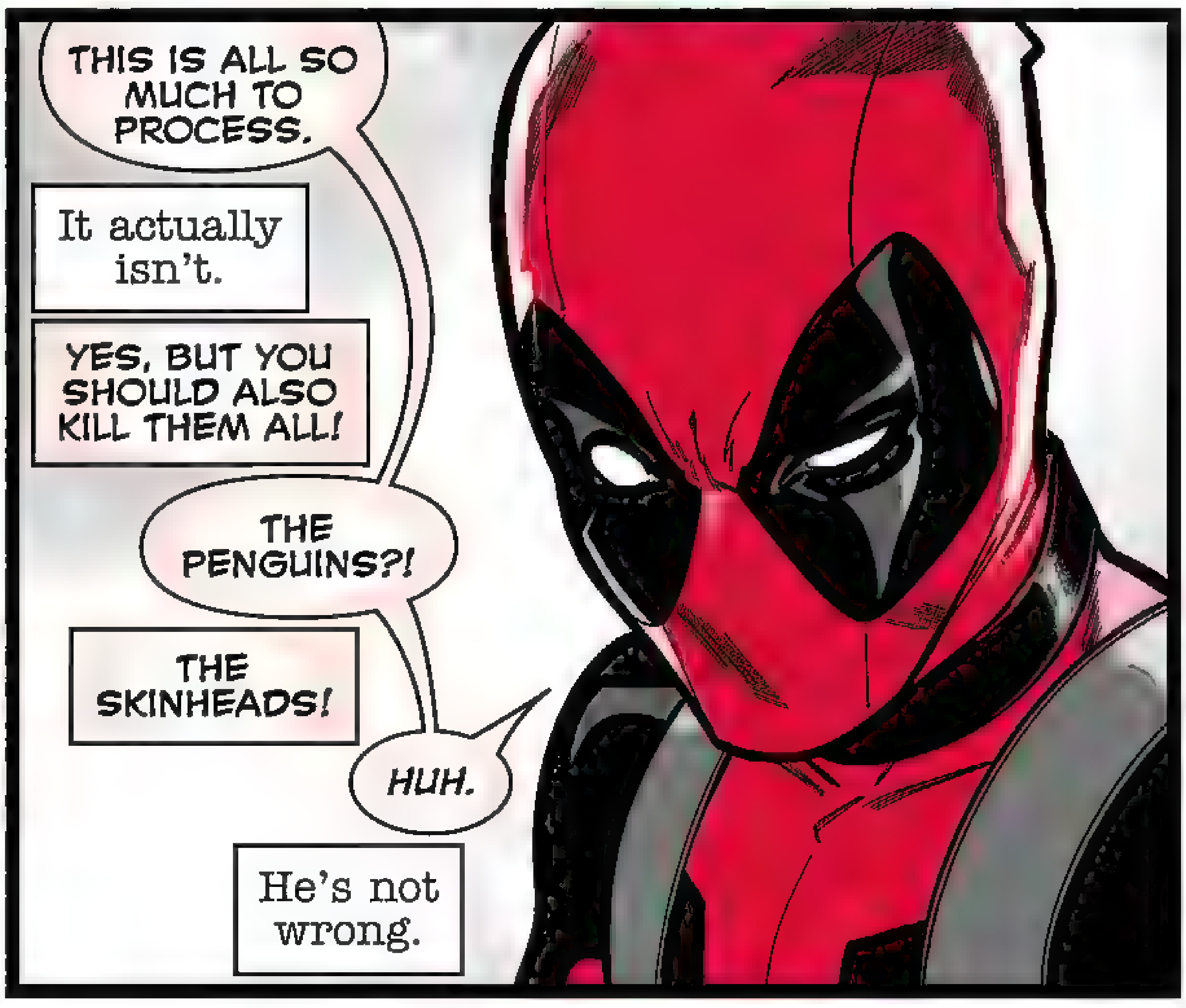
MAN OH MAN, PICKING MOUNTAINS AT RANDOM IS TEDIOUS AND TIME-CONSUMING, BUT YOU KNOW WHAT? IT'S THE JOURNEY, NOT THE DESTINATION.
You're an idiot.
BUT YOU KNOW WHAT? IT'S ACTUALLY NOT THE JOURNEY AT ALL. IT'S THE DESTINATION. THAT'S WHAT'S MOST IMPORTANT.
NICE!
GREETINGS. I AM MOTHER SUPERIOR, AND WELCOME TO OUR CONVENT. HOW MAY WE BE OF SERVICE?
I BELIEVE YOU HAVE A PENGUIN PUT ASIDE FOR ME.
OH, DAMMIT, THIS %#$%&%# PENGUIN THING IS SUCH A PAIN IN THE #$%.
FORGIVE ME, THIS WHOLE PENGUIN THING HAS CAUSED US GREAT FRUSTRATION.
WAIT, SO ARE THERE PENGUINS HERE OR--
YES. YES. THERE ARE PENGUINS. WE JUST DON'T ALWAYS HAVE THE ABILITY TO MAIL THEM.
MAKES SENSE.
WHICH PENGUIN WAS IT?
PENGUIN.
OF COURSE. ONE SECOND.
WAIT A SECOND, I HAVE A FEELING THESE MIGHT NOT BE REAL NUNS.
No @#$%.
WHAAAA? GTFO!

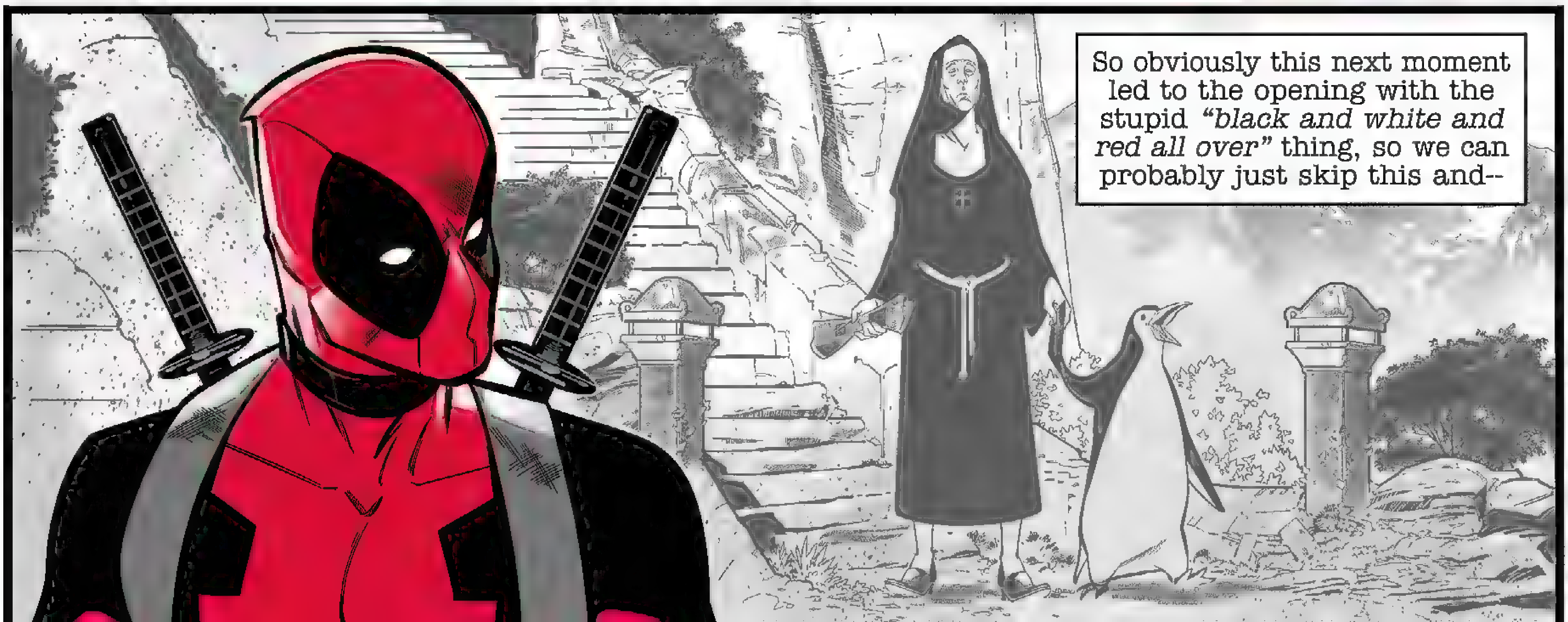

SEEMS STRANGE THAT NUNS WOULD ALL CARRY ASSAULT RIFLES.
GOOD CALL.


ALSO, WHY WOULD THEY NEED THIS AMOUNT OF AMMUNITION? OR WEAPONRY?
They don't.


THAT'S DEFINITELY THE MOST ANGEL DUST I'VE EVER SEEN AT A CONVENT.
SAME!


GOOD NEWS, WE HAVE YOUR PENGUIN. ONE OF THE SISTERS WILL BE BRINGING HIM OUT SHORTLY.
YOU'RE NOT ACTUALLY NUNS, ARE YOU?
NO, WE'RE JUST A BUNCH OF WEIRD %#$%&$# NAZI DRUG ADDICTS WHO GOT THEIR HANDS ON A CONVENT AND SOME PENGUINS, BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THEM, SO THEY'RE ALL JUST DYING IN THE GARAGE.


THIS IS ALL SO MUCH TO PROCESS.
It actually isn't.
YES, BUT YOU SHOULD ALSO KILL THEM ALL!
THE PENGUINS?!
THE SKINHEADS!
HUH.
He's not wrong.


So obviously this next moment led to the opening with the stupid *"black and white and red all over"* thing, so we can probably just skip this and--

--GET RIGHT TO THE MARSHMALLOWS!
NICE!
NOW.
SHKK
RATTA-TATTA-TATA

HEY! WHAT'S RED AND BLACK AND *DEAD* ALL OVER?
OH! GOOD ONE! HOW ABOUT... THE ONLY GOOD NAZIS?
SHRRRRRAAK

EEE! EEEEE!
WHAT'S THAT? YOU WANT TO JAILBREAK YOUR FRIENDS, TOO?
GO ON! YOU'RE FREE! YOU'RE ALL FREE TO LEAVE THIS @#$%&@ GARAGE AND SOAR HIGH ABOVE THE CLOUDS!
They don't fly.
BIRDS FLY.
Penguins don't fly.
BIRDS ARE BIRDS!
Really just not even kind of offering anything of value here.
WELL, BIRDS *ARE* BIRDS, AND WHAT DO BIRDS DO?
THEY FLY!
YOU WANT IN ON THIS BRUSCHETTA?
NO, THANK YOU. I'M GOOD. AND I'VE GOT *REAL HOUSEWIVES* TO CATCH UP ON.
WHICH SEASON ARE YOU ON?
FIVE. NO, SORRY, SIX. I'M ON EPISODE FIVE OF SEASON SIX.
Wait, the penguin can talk now?
YES.
He shouldn't have been able to hear that.
THE END.

DEADPOOL
SO WHO WAS IT THAT PUT YOU ON TO THIS? KINGPIN?
I WORK FOR PEOPLE OTHER THAN KINGPIN, YA KNOW...
SO... THEN KINGPIN, YEAH?
YEAH.
BULLSEYE
AND YOU?
NOT KINGPIN. GUY NEVER HIRES ME. SOMETHING ABOUT ME NOT BEING *DISCREET* ENOUGH.
I SWEAR, YOU WEAR ONE *"KINGPIN HIRED ME TO WHACK YOU"* T-SHIRT TO A GIG AND THE GUY NEVER LETS YOU LIVE IT DOWN.
SO YOU'RE NOT GONNA TELL ME WHO HIRED YA, *HUH?* FINE, DON'T. DOESN'T REALLY MATTER ANYWAY.
ONE TARGET, TWO ASSASSINS, ONE PAYCHECK. THE THING IS...

...WE BOTH KNOW WHO'S GONNA COLLECT.
ME? GLAD WE BOTH AGREE.
NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...
A DOOR, A SOON-TO-BE-DEAD MAN AND SOME CASH-MONEY DOLLARS AWAIT...
YOU'RE EXCUSED.
THUK
YE-OUCH!
SO THAT'S THE WAY IT'S GONNA BE, HUH?
THAT'S THE WAY IT'S GONNA BE.
THAT'S FINE WITH ME. BUT DON'T GO CRYIN' TO YOUR FAT AND BALD MOMMY WHEN I--

NINJAS!
NINJAS? FRIGGIN' NINJAS, MAN. MY GOD, EVERYBODY AND THEIR MOTHER HAS NINJAS THESE DAYS.
I SWEAR, I THINK THEY ACTUALLY COME WITH THE PURCHASE OF A SUPER VILLAIN LAIR NOW. YOU GET A CHOICE OF A DOOMSDAY DEVICE, ONE OF THEM INFINITY POOLS WITH A BIKINI CLAD HENCHWOMAN...
...OR NINJAS.
SPEAKING OF SUPER VILLAINS... IS THAT WHAT THIS GUY IS? A SUPER VILLAIN?
SUPER VILLAIN, ARMS DEALER, MOB BOSS, GUY WHO SPOILED THE ENDING OF *WANDAVISION*... AS LONG AS I'M PAID TO KILL HIM, HE'S KILLED. WHOEVER THE HELL HE IS.
I HEARD HE'S DR. DOOM'S COUSIN.
GET OUT OF HERE.
NO, I SWEAR. VINNY VON DOOM OR SOMETHING.
YEAH, RIGHT. MY COUSIN VINNY VON DOOM. YOU GOT IT.
OKAY, FINE, DON'T BELIEVE ME.
BY THE WAY, YA THINK THE DOOM FAMILY GETS TOGETHER? LIKE ON HOLIDAYS AND STUFF?
GATHER AROUND THE CHRISTMAS TREE IN THEIR *EYES WIDE SHUT* MASKS SINGING "*DECK THE HALLS WITH RICHARDS' ENTRAILS*"... STUFF LIKE THAT?
THAT AND I BET THEY'RE THE SORT THAT GIVES OUT RAISINS ON HALLOWEEN.
MY GOD. WE NEED TO MURDER HIS COUSIN FOR THAT ALONE.]

ZOMBIES!
ZOMBIES?! WELL, THIS IS NEW.
AND EXPENSIVE, PROBABLY. I MEAN... WHERE WOULD ONE ACQUIRE ZOMBIES, EXACTLY?
ZOMBIE HUT? ZOMBIES "R" US? INTERNATIONAL HOUSE OF ZOMBIES?
SEARS?
I DUNNO. BUT AT LEAST NINJAS AND MOB GOONS DON'T BITE.
MOSTLY.
CHOMP!
PFFT.
SUCH PROBLEMS DON'T EXIST TO A MAN WITH A HEALING FACTOR.
YOU EVER STOP TALKING ABOUT YOUR HEALING FACTOR?
YOU EVER STOP TALKING ABOUT HOW MUCH YOU WANT TO DISEMBOWEL DAREDEVIL?
TOUCHÉ.

HMMM... WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?
THE SYNCHRONIZED SWIMMING PORTION OF THE ASSASSINATION? AND CONSIDERING I DON'T HAVE ANY SWIM TRUNKS UNDER HERE, I DO HOPE THE JUDGES DON'T PENALIZE ME FOR GOING COMMANDO.
PAL...IT AIN'T THE JUDGES YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT IF YOU DO. NO, IT'S EVEN WORSE THAN THAT, IF POSSIBLE. IT'S--
--SHARKS!
WORSERER THAN THAT--IT'S SHARKS WITH FRIGGIN' LASERS ON THEIR HEAD!
DUDE, I TOLD YOU THIS WOULD HAPPEN! EVER SINCE THAT STUPID MOVIE CAME OUT, I TOLD YOU SOMEBODY WAS GONNA PULL THIS @#$%!
EVEN WORSERERER. THIS AIN'T EVEN ACCURATE! IN THE MOVIE THEY COULDN'T GET SHARKS--IT'S MUTATED AND ILL-TEMPERED SEA BASS INSTEAD! BOY, MY ROTTEN TOMATOES SCORE ON THIS ATTEMPT TO KILL US IS CERTAINLY GOING TO--
HEY-- MY ARM! I... WAS USING THAT.
SHARKS!
AND NOW SHARKNADO'S USING IT FOR A TOOTHPICK. SO LONG, STUBBY! THE NEXT ROOM AWAITS AND SO DO--

MONKEYS
--MONKEYS?
AND THEY DON'T LOOK LIKE THE FUN, *"BARREL FULL OF"* TYPE NEITHER.
BOSS
YA THINK?
WHAT GAVE IT AWAY? THE SHOOTING GUNS AT US PART?
OR THE STABBING WITH KNIVES?
OR THE BLUDGEONING WITH HAMMERS?
OR THE FACT THAT ONE OF THEM HAS A $%@&#$ CHAIN SAW?
AND WHAT ABOUT THE THROWING OF GRENADES? NOT TO MENTION THE THROWING OF...
...FECES.
MY GOD. SO MUCH FECES.

HUFF *HUFF* I... *HUFF*...THINK I'M MORE MONKEY FECES THAN MAN AT THIS POINT.
HUFF AND WHAT THE... *HUFF*... IS VINNY FEEDING THEM ANYWAY? *HUFF*...*PRUNA COLADAS?* CHICKEN CUTLET PRUNMIGIANA? SOME OTHER HUMOROUS FOOD INVOLVING PRUNES?
MORE IMPORTANTLY... WHAT IS THIS NOW? THERE'S...NOTHING HERE. NOT THAT I'M COMPLAINING, MIND YOU...
EEEK!
WELL, I'M THINKING KILL-IOUS GEORGE OVER HERE MIGHT HAVE A COMPLAINT OR TWO. I MEAN, IF HE WASN'T DEAD, OF COURSE.
I...DON'T FEEL SO G--
BLEEECH!
HMMM...I'M GUESSING THIS IS GERM WARFARE OF SOME KIND. WHICH, OF COURSE, DOESN'T AFFECT ME DUE TO...GEE, WHAT IS THAT THING YOU SAID I'M ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT CALLED AGAIN?
YA KNOW, THAT THING YOU DON'T HAVE, WHICH IS WHY YOU JUST YACKED UP YOUR SPLEEN ON THE FLOOR..?
OH YEAH...MY ***HEALING FACTOR,*** BEE-YOTCH!
UGH...MY STOMACH...MY... MY COLON...
GEE, THAT SOUNDS NASTY. MIGHT WANT THAT CHECKED OUT BY A DOCTOR.
I'LL BE SURE TO SEND ONE OVER RIGHT AFTER I-- CHECKS NOTES-- COLLECT MY BLOOD-SOAKED REWARD.
YOU BASTARD... I'LL KILL... BLECCH...
KILL *BLECCH?* WELL, I'M GONNA GO KILL VIN INSTEAD, BUT YOU DO YOU. SPEAKING OF WHICH...

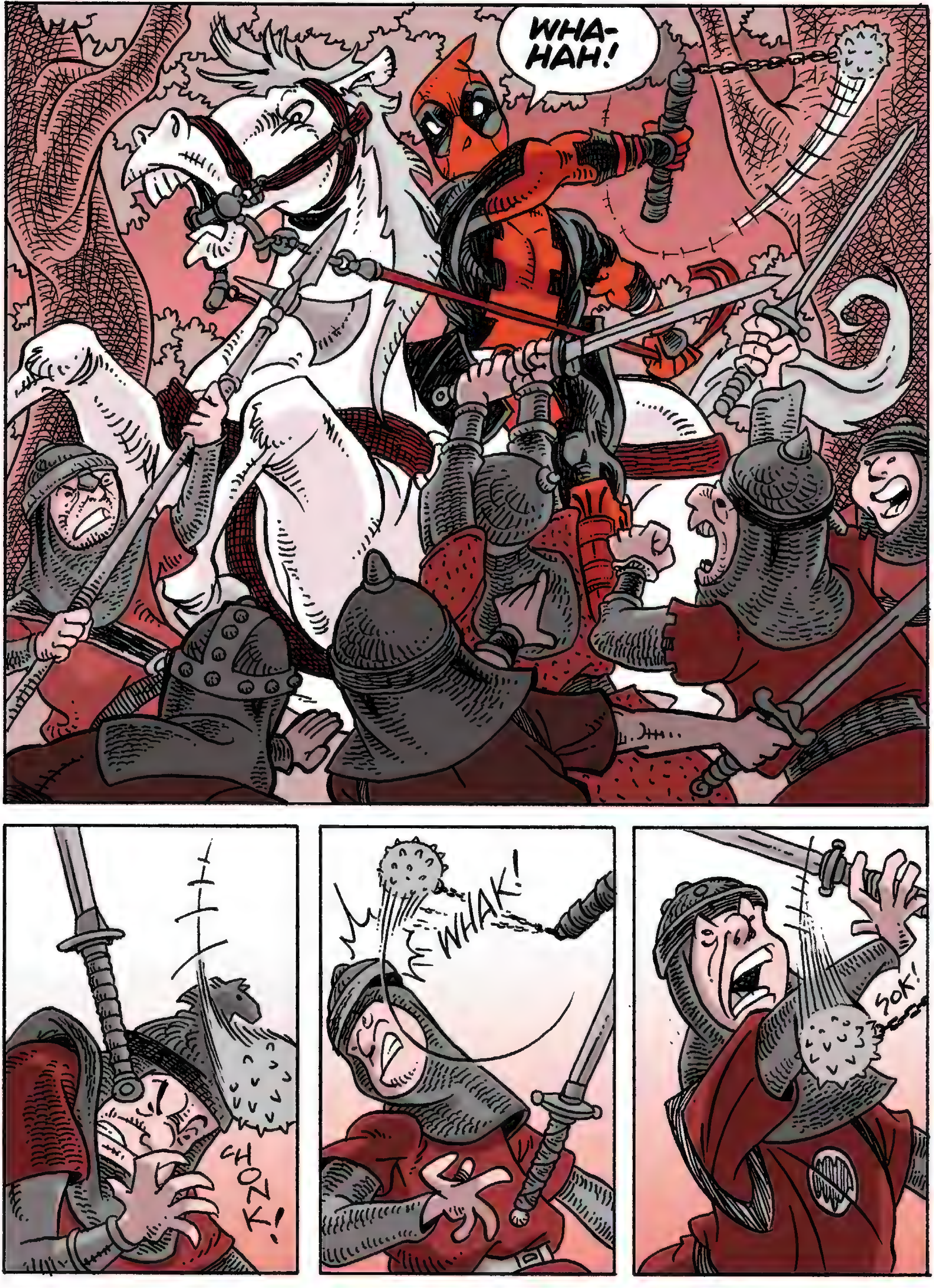
HMN. NICE PLACE YA GOT HERE, DUDE.
SORT OF "JAMES BOND VILLAIN MEETS CREEPY STALKER PEEPING TOM GUY PLAYING POCKET POOL IN YOUR FRONT YARD BUSHES" KIND OF VIBE.
HAD TO PLAY A LOT OF QUARTERS TO REACH THIS HERE FINAL BOSS...
MOB GOONS. NINJAS. ZOMBIES. SHARKS WITH LASERS. MONKEYS WITH WEAPONS AND A LOT OF FIBER IN THEIR SYSTEMS.
WHATEVER THAT DISEASE WAS THAT MURDERED BULLSEYE AND HIS COLON.
STILL... HERE...YOU SON OF A... BLECH!
AHEM. NOW, AS I WAS SAYING BEFORE MY FOOT WAS SO RUDELY VOMITED UPON...
CLICK
ANY LAST WORDS?

UM... I HAVE A FEW...
WHAT THE--
HOW'D... THIS GUY GET A BULLET IN HIS HEAD... WITHOUT YOU SHOOTING?
WELL...I MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT.
HELLO, BOYS.
DOMINO

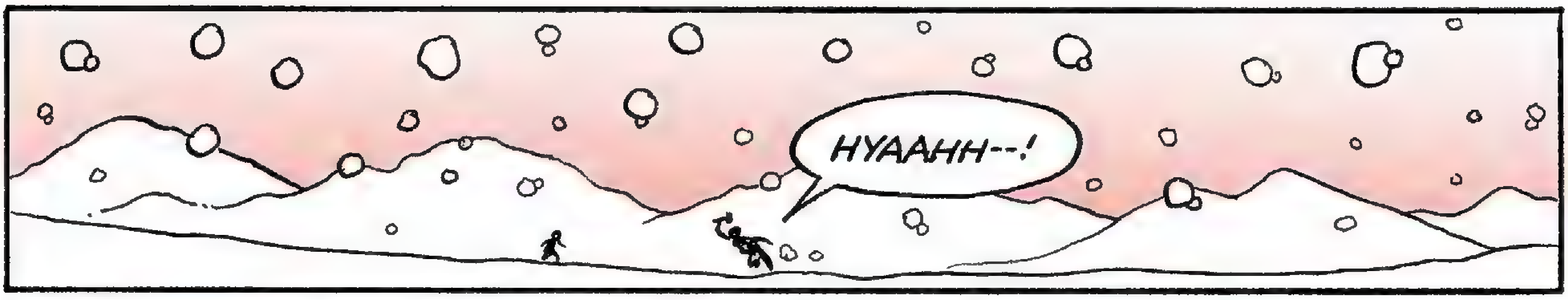
DOM?! HOW THE HELL DID YOU GET PAST US?
WHAT? PAST YOU? I CAME IN THROUGH THE BACK DOOR.
THIS...AIN'T OVER, ELEKTRA. JUST GIVE ME A SEC TO CATCH MY BREATH AND...
WAIT. DID YOU SAY...BACK DOOR? THERE'S A BACK DOOR?
SPLAT
OH YEAH. THERE WAS, LIKE, ONE GUARD THERE TOO...AND HE DIDN'T EVEN HAVE A GUN! HE JUST HAD A ROLL OF QUARTERS OR SOMETHING.
WHY? WHICH WAY DID YOU GUYS COME IN?
THE... FRONT.
WITH THE NINJAS AND THE SHARKS WITH LASERS AND FECES-THROWING MONKEYS AND ALL THAT? WHY WOULD YOU WANT TO DO THAT?
WE... JUST DID.
WELL, WHATEVER. LUCKY ME, I GUESS.
BY THE WAY... CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS GUY WAS DOOM'S COUSIN? LATERS, FELLAS!
YES...WE DID HEAR THAT. LATERS.
JUST YOU... AND ME NOW, MURDOCK. ONLY... WHY AM I THE ONE WHO'S BLIND?
TELL YA WHAT, BULLY BOY...
HELP ME FIND MY ARM, AND I PROMISE I'LL BURY YOU LATER.
DEAL?
END

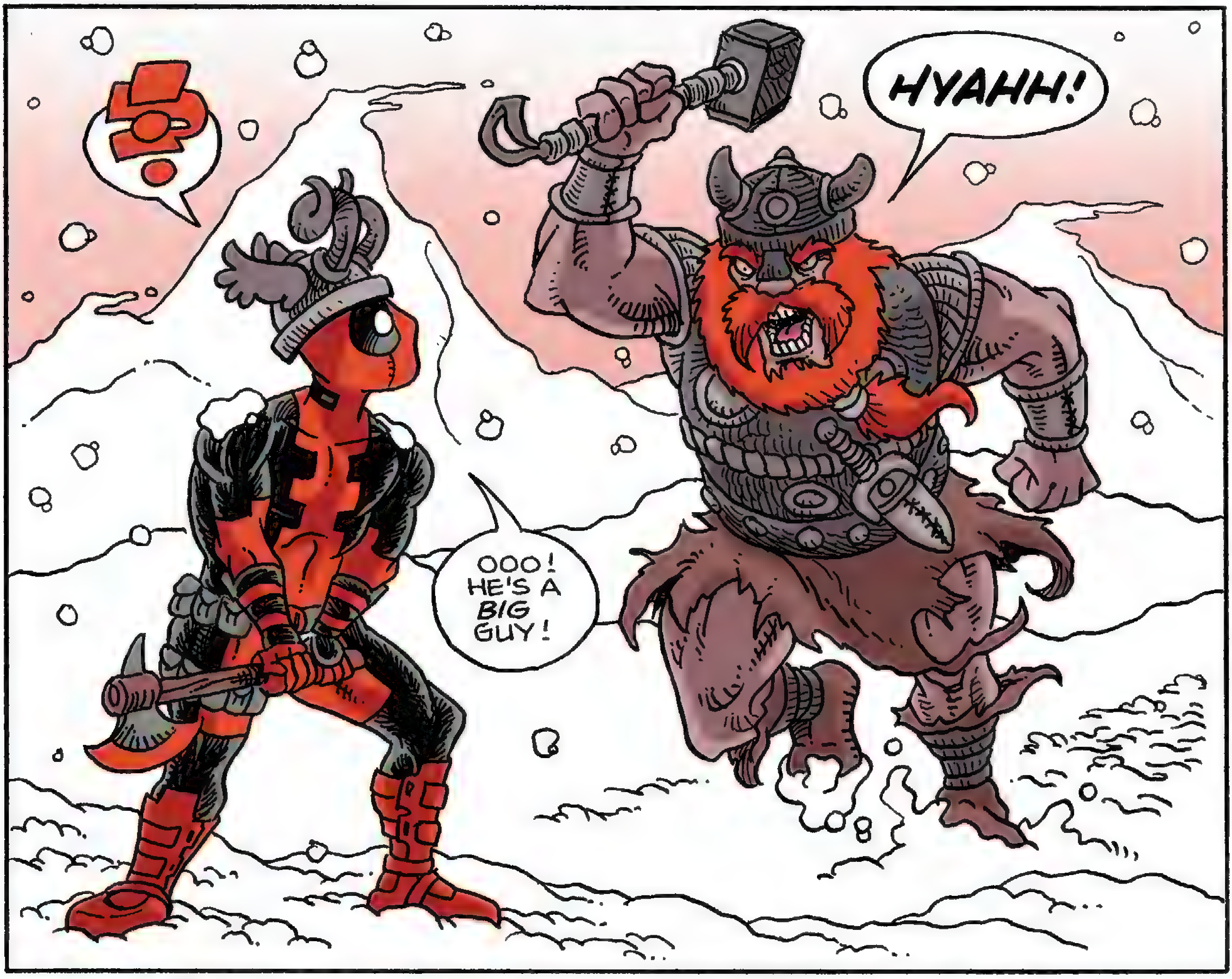
THE PERFECT ONES

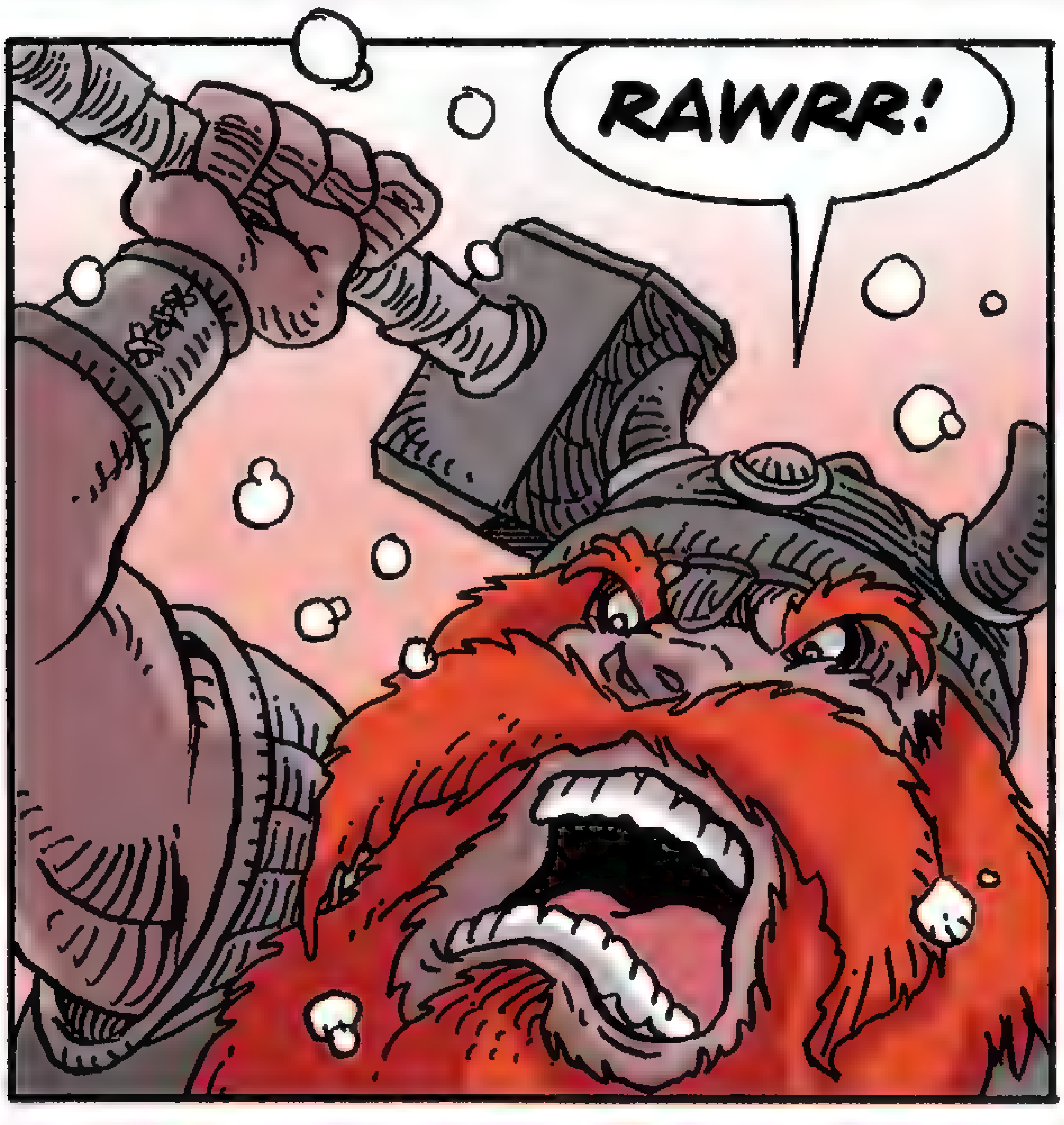
(OR HOW DEADPOOL GOT HIS SWORDS)

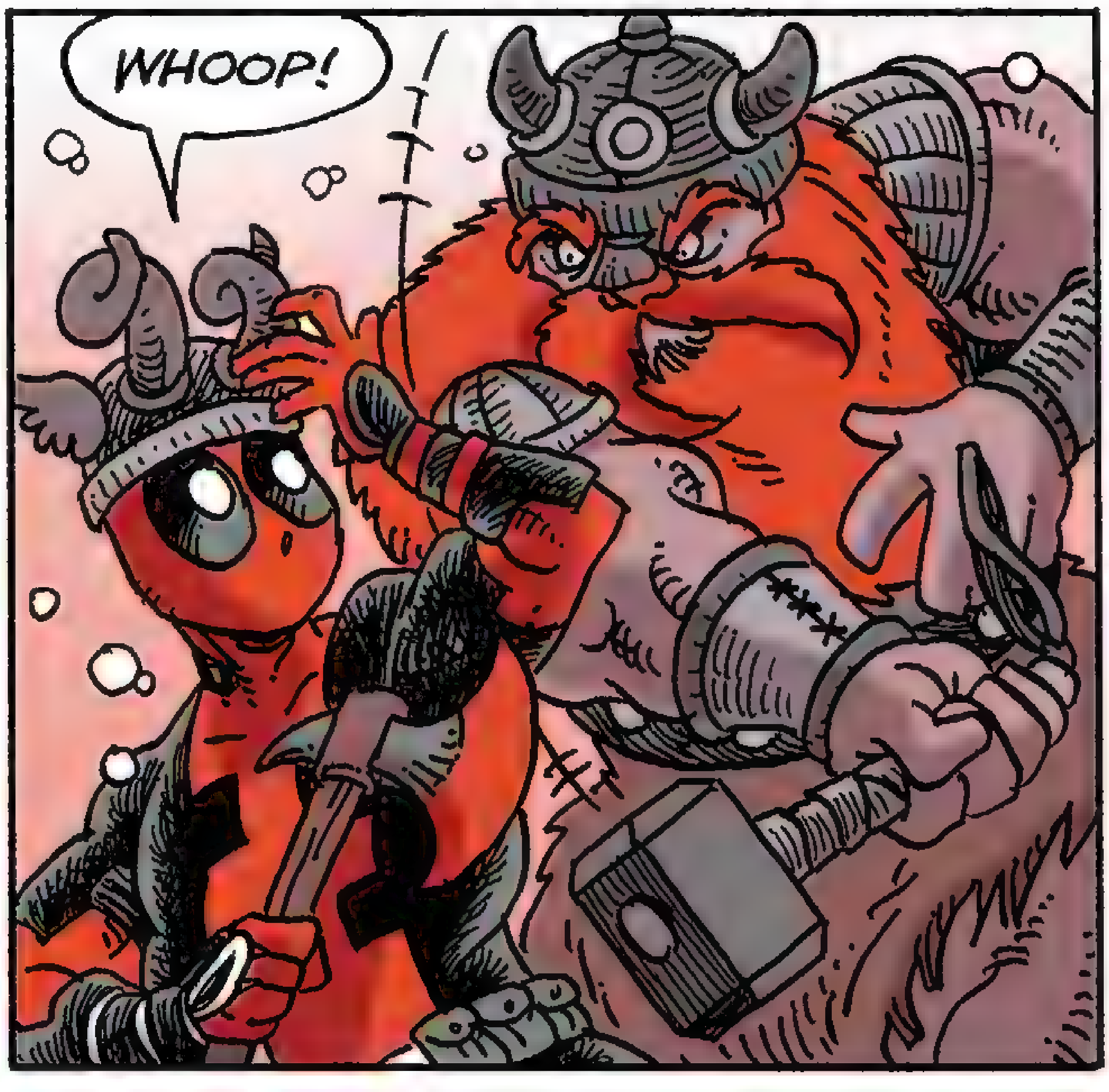

WHA-HAH!
CHONK!
WHAK!
SOK!

HA!
WHUP! WHUP!
WHUP! WHUP! WHUP!
THIS CHAIN MACE IS PERFECT!
WONKK!
.....
MAYBE NOT SO PERFECT AFTER ALL!
WHINNY!


HYAAHH--!


HYAHH!
OOO! HE'S A BIG GUY!


RAWRR!


WHOOP!

YAHHHH--! PEPPERONI PIZZA!
WHOK!
UH--!
THAT WAS SOME HIT! I'M GLAD I WAS WEARING A HELMET!
GULP!
HAHH--!
NO HELMET THIS TIME!

WHOA!
SWING!
CHOP!
NOT AS BALANCED AS I'D LIKE! I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO KEEP LOOKING!
HMM...
A HAMMER...
NAH! IT'S BEEN DONE!

SALOON
SALOON
OKAY, MASKED STRANGER--
--DRAW!

ZING!
ZING!
SALOON
ACK!
YA GOT ME, STRANGER!
POW! POW! POW! POW! POW!
FAST... EASY TO CARRY...
...HANDLES WELL...
NOT BAD.
TWIRL! TWIRL!
!
POW!
NEXT!

KIYAHH--!
HA! GINSU™ ATTACK!
AUGH--!
YAHH!

YAHH..URK!
RYAAHH!
WOW!
THESE ARE GREAT!
SHARP...
...POINTY...
THESE ARE PERFECT!
THIS IS IT?

I BET I COULD TAKE ON A *DOZEN GUYS* WITH THESE THINGS!

#4
RYAN BROWN -21-

A BLACK SAND WASTELAND. SCATTERED WHITE ROCKS. THE VOLCANO IS DORMANT... SMOKING AND THREATENING. BUT NO MENACING RED GLOW.
THERE'S AN EVIL SCIENCE BASE BUILT INTO THE SIDE OF IT. BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT YOU DO.
IT'S DAMAGED. ON FIRE. FIRE OBSCURED BY **BLACK SMOKE.**
DEFINITELY NO **RED.**
TWO A.I.M. SCIENTISTS WAIT, THE WIND BUFFETING THEM. YELLOW JUMPSUITS.
CRAP. GRAY, I GUESS. LIGHT GRAY, MAYBE.
BECAUSE THIS IS **BLACK** AND **WHITE.**
BUT THIS HERE IS A DEADPOOL STORY. SO REST ASSURED, TRUE BELIEVERS...
...THE **RED** IS COMING.
...
AND BY RED, I MEAN BLOOD. THAT'S CLEAR, RIGHT?

THE CORRIDOR IS GUNMETAL GRAY. EMPHASIS ON THE GRAY. NON-DESCRIPT--
IGNORE ME. WAIT, NO, IGNORE THAT. NEVER IGNORE ME.
WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO?
I WAS CLEAR ON THE PHONE THAT I DON'T REALLY DO THIS ANYMORE, RIGHT? THE WHOLE MURDER-FOR-HIRE THING?
WE WIRED 100 MILLION DOLLARS INTO YOUR ACCOUNT, DEADPOOL.
WHICH CHANGED MY MIND! THAT'S WHY I'M WEARING MY SUPER-KILL X-FORCE UNIFORM. IT'S BLACK AND WHITE... WINK!
HEY, APROPOS OF NOTHING, THERE'S A WHOLE LOT OF DEAD BODIES HERE.
DID M.O.D.O.K. LET OUT SOME BODY IMAGE FRUSTRATIONS AGAIN? EH? EH? GET IT? BECAUSE HIS HEAD IS SO--
--BIG. OKAY, THAT'S NEVER GOOD.
LOOK, I BROUGHT ALL MY FAVORITE GUNS, MAYBE SOMEONE WANTS TO TELL ME WHO I'M HERE TO KILL?
WE HAVE TO GET TO THE BUNKER.
THE BUNKER WON'T KEEP IT OUT, MIRIAM!
KEEP WHAT OUT? GETTING A LITTLE WORRIED HERE, TEAM. I MEAN, NOT FOR ME. FOR YOU!
PLEASE TELL ME IT'S ALIENS. THE ACID ONES, WITH THE SURPRISE EXTRA MOUTH. WE CAN DO THAT NOW, RIGHT?
ALSO, WHAT COLOR IS THAT TRACKING DOT? I CAN'T TELL FOR MY VOICE-OVER. LIKE A GRAYISH OFF-WHITE?
OH GOD. IT'S COMING THIS WAY.
BLIP BLIP BLIP

FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, GET IN! SEAL THE DOOR!!!
WHO GIVES A &%#$ ABOUT THE DOOR, IT COMES THROUGH THE WALLS!
WE'RE GONNA DIE, WE'RE GONNA DIE, WE'RE GONNA DIE.
IF THIS IS A SURPRISE PARTY, I'M GONNA BE SOOOO EMBARRASSED!
ALSO, YOU COULD USE SOME BALLOONS. AND LESS ABJECT TERROR.
BOOM
IT'S GETTING CLOSER.
SWEET CHRISTMAS! SOMEONE NEEDS TO TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON HERE OR I'M GOING TO PRE-EMPTIVELY PUT YOU ALL OUT OF YOUR MISERY--
YOU CAN'T STOP IT.
NO ONE CAN.
CAN'T YOU FEEL IT? THE THIRST.
IT'S A HOT SUMMER DAY. HE'LL BE AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS POWER.
JUST SHUT UP ALREADY, KARL!
SOMEONE WANT TO TELL ME WHAT YOUR CRAZY LITTLE BONDAGE FRIEND IS TALKING ABOUT?
THERE'S NO TIME. YOU HAVE TO KILL IT. NOTHING WE'VE TRIED HAS MADE A CRACK. IT'S TOO POWERFUL--
OH, DON'T YOU WORRY. I'M GONNA KILL THIS THING DEAD FOR YOU, WHATEVER IT IS. WHICH, BY THE WAY, FEELS LIKE SOMETHING YOU REALLY COULD HAVE TOLD ME BY NOW.
AND FOR THE RECORD, I DON'T CARE HOW BIG OR POWERFUL IT IS, I'M GOING TO PAINT THE TOWN RED WITH THIS BAD BOY'S BLOOD.
IT DOESN'T HAVE ANY BLOOD.
...SORRY, WHAT?

AWWWWWW SNAP!!!
...
YOU GUYS ARE GETTING SO SUED.

AARGGGH!
AAAIIIEE!!!
WILL YOU DO SOMETHING ALREADY?
NO! NOT UNTIL YOU EXPLAIN!
I KNEW YOU WERE EVIL SCIENTISTS, BUT ***THERE ARE LINES YOU DO NOT CROSS!***
IT WAS *KARL!*
"HE WAS MADE A DIRECTOR, THEY GET AN UNLIMITED BUDGET AND NO OVERSIGHT OR PSYCHOLOGICAL SCREENING!
I DID IT... THIRST WILL BE ON THE RUN FOREVER...
NOW WE CAN BE BEST FRIENDS.
BIRTHDAY
"THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO DEVELOP THEIR PASSION PROJECTS!
"WE DIDN'T REALIZE THAT KARL HAD ONE VERY SPECIFIC PASSION, WHICH HE'D HARBORED SINCE HE WAS A CHILD.
MMMM... GLURG, GLURG...
MORE...
"PROBABLY AN ADDICTION, REALLY, BUT HIS LOVE OF THIS SUGARY, ARTIFICIALLY FLAVORED DRINK WAS PSYCHOLOGICALLY ENHANCED BY THEIR ***MASCOT...***
DEVIL DRINK DINO!
"IN HIS MIND, ***DEVIL DRINK DINO*** WAS ALWAYS THERE FOR HIM. AT THE PARK, AT PROFESSIONAL BASEBALL GAMES...
"DEVIL DRINK DINO WOULD NEVER LET HIM GO THIRSTY.
"AND FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE, KARL WORKED TO MAKE THAT FANTASY A HORRIBLE ***REALITY.***"

HOW DO WE STOP THE FAT SUGAR DINOSAUR, KARL?
FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, WHAT DOES IT *WANT?*
GAAAHH!
HE'S KILLING US!!!
TO QUENCH YOUR THIRST FOREVER!!!
HURK--!
BLAM
YEAH, THANKS, KARL.
PROBABLY MAKING THIS MORE COMPLICATED THAN IT NEEDS TO BE ANYWAY.
AWWWWWW SNAAAAAAAAAP!!!
TIME TO GO SUGAR-FREE.
OH GOD. REALLY?
I'M A PRODUCT OF THE '90s, MIRIAM.
VILLAIN-SPECIFIC ONE-LINERS, ARE MY JAM.

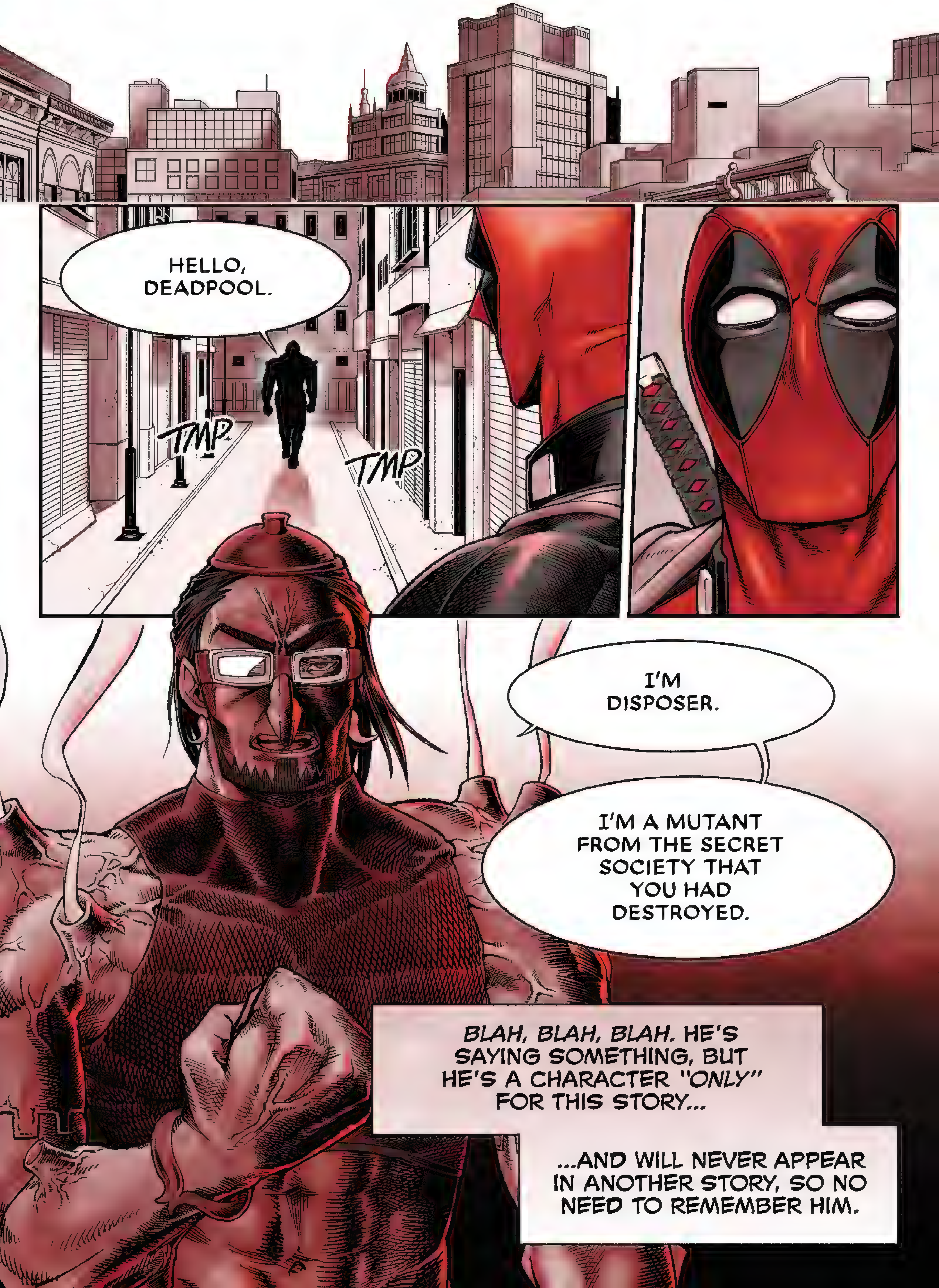
CRAP. I SHOULD HAVE USED THAT SUGAR-FREE LINE HERE. NOW I'VE GOT NOTHING, AND I JUST KNOW HE'S GOING TO SAY--
AWWWWW SNAP!!!
HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO COMPETE WITH THAT? AS CATCHPHRASES GO, IT'S MAGNIFICENT. WAIT, I KNOW--
AVENGERS... ASSEMBLE!!!
BUT QUIET ON THE "ASSEMBLE" PART. FOR EXTRA DRAMA.
WHEN THEY WRITE THE BOOK ON MY LIFE...
...FOR THE LOVE OF GOD...
...LEAVE THIS CHAPTER OUT.

YOUR ARM'S OFF.
THANKS, MIRIAM, I NOTICED. FEEL FREE TO HELP OUT ANYTIME, QUEEN BEE.
I'M GOOD.
FANTASTIC. MAYBE AFTER THIS, A.I.M. SHOULD RETHINK MAKING SUPER-INSANE MURDER MONSTERS--JUST A SUGGESTION.
PLEASE, WAIT...
YOU... YOU THINK ME...
...A *MONSTER?*
HOLD THE PHONE, YOU CAN TALK? I MEAN, MORE THAN JUST SHOUTING OUT *"AW SNAP!"* AS YOU EXPLODE THROUGH A WALL?
OF COURSE. I AM A CHILD OF SCIENCE BUT A CREATION OF *LOVE*. EXCEPT FOR A LOVE OF WALLS. THEY CONFOUND ME SO.
ALL I EVER WANTED WAS TO FULFILL THE NEED, NAY, THE DESIRE OF *THIRST*. FOR DRINK, YES. FOR SUSTENANCE, OF COURSE...
BUT IN TRUTH A THIRST FOR *VIOLENCE*. I DARED TO DREAM... IF I COULD QUENCH THIS THIRST FOR WANTON VIOLENCE HERE, I COULD SERVE AS AN INSPIRATION FOR ALL OF HUMANITY, UNLEASHING A WAVE OF PEACE OVER THE WORLD--
OKAY! I'M GOING TO STOP YOU THERE, BUDDY, AND JUST SAY HOW DAMN BEAUTIFUL THAT IS.
AND HOW SUPER SORRY I AM THAT YOU WAITED UNTIL NOW TO SPEAK UP.
OH? WHY IS THAT?
BLINK BLINK BLINK

BOOM
AW SNA--!!!
MY THERAPIST IS GOING TO EARN THEIR MONEY TODAY.
...YOU'RE THE WORST.
YEAH, EVEN FOR ME, THAT WAS MESSED UP.
BUT YOU KNOW WHAT? BRIGHT SIDE HERE, ASIDE FROM THE MONEY? I'M NOT EVEN REMOTELY THIRSTY!
...MMM, CHERRY.
END.

GREETINGS.
HI, GUYS. IT'S ME, DEADPOOL!
THIS IS A SPECIAL STORY FROM THE *DEADPOOL: SAMURAI* TEAM, WRITTEN BY SANSHIRO KASAMA AND HIKARU UESUGI, WHICH IS PUBLISHED IN JAPAN.
WHAT? YOU DON'T KNOW *DEADPOOL: SAMURAI?* ARE YOU KIDDING ME?! IT WAS THE MOST-READ COMIC ALL OVER THE WORLD IN 2020!
BUT IT WAS FREE ONLINE CONTENT, SO TECHNICALLY, WE CAN'T--
BLAMM
WE'RE DONE. SO LET'S MOVE TO OUR MAIN STORY!

MAIN STORY.


HELLO, DEADPOOL.
TMP
TMP
I'M DISPOSER.
I'M A MUTANT FROM THE SECRET SOCIETY THAT YOU HAD DESTROYED.
BLAH, BLAH, BLAH. HE'S SAYING SOMETHING, BUT HE'S A CHARACTER "*ONLY*" FOR THIS STORY...
...AND WILL NEVER APPEAR IN ANOTHER STORY, SO NO NEED TO REMEMBER HIM.

I'VE LIVED JUST TO KILL YOU!
MY RAGE WON'T SUBSIDE UNTIL YOU DIE.
...SERIOUSLY?!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
THE SHAPE OF THE BALLOONS IN U.S. COMICS ARE ALWAYS BUBBLE-TYPE.
YOU MUST USE THIS SHAPE FOR EXPRESSING YOUR PASSION:
DETROIT SMASH!!!
SHUT UP!
DASH

WHANG
YOU'RE NO MATCH FOR ME. I KNOW ALL OF YOUR WEAK POINTS.
MY WEAK POINTS? I'M UNDEFEATABLE, YOU KNOW THAT. TELL ME MORE ABOUT IT.
OH, HEY, SPIDEY!
TURN
WHAT? WHERE?

BLAAAAAAAM!!
THOOM!!

CLAT...
WELL, MAYBE-- **MAYBE**--HE'S GOT A POINT. SPIDEY MIGHT BE MY WEAK POINT.
FSSSH...
THIS IS IT!
RRRRMMMMBBBLLL
THWIP

DEADPOOL, YOU GIVE ME A LOT OF TROUBLE.
FWIP
WHO?
NEVER MIND, SHE'S JUST A COPYCAT.
I'M SAKURA-SPIDER! NOT A COPYCAT!
THWIP
THWIP
THWIP
ZAP
OH, POOR LITTLE BOY. YOU'VE SPENT YOUR LIFE TRYING TO KILL ME, HAVEN'T YOU? WELL, TOO BAD...
DASH

...BECAUSE THE "ME" FROM *DEADPOOL: SAMURAI* WORKS WELL WITH OTHERS!
DAMN, I CAN'T MOVE!!!
WHY...
WHY CAN'T I...
...DEFEAT DEADPOOL?!

GOOD JOB! YOUR BALLOON HAS NOW CHANGED ITS SHAPE.

DISPOSER-- THAT'S YOUR NAME, RIGHT? MORE LIKE "DISPOSABLE".
LET ME TELL YOU ONE THING:
DEADPOOL: SAMURAI VOL. 1 AND 2 ARE NOW ON SALE!
デッドプール SAMURAI 1
SIGH...
IF YOU DON'T BUY LOTS OF COPIES, WE WON'T BE ABLE TO MAKE MORE STORIES! SO DON'T GO READING IT ON ILLEGAL SITES!
LET'S GO BACK TO JAPAN.
THE END.

ZZZZZZZZ...
WHAH?!

ZWAH?!
HEY, WHAT'S THE DEALIO?! LET THAT KID GO!

RUH-ROH! REALLY MISJUDGED THIS ONE.
NYAH!
GUH!
GOO!
MLAH!
PLTT!
SPLAT
POO.

HUH.
MY HEALING AND REGENERATING HAVE REALLY AMPED UP.
IS IT'S 'CUS OF THIS WACKY DIMENSION I'M IN?
SQUELCH
THAT'S NOT GOOD.
SWIPE
SKLLCE
REEEEEE!!!
YUP. ALL BETTER.

FASCINATING.
WHAT'S THAT, MR. SPOCK?
WELL, CAPTAIN, IT APPEARS I'VE FOUND THE CREATURE'S CRANIAL CONTROL CENTER WITH MY SUH-WARD.
GIDDYUP, SEABISCUIT!

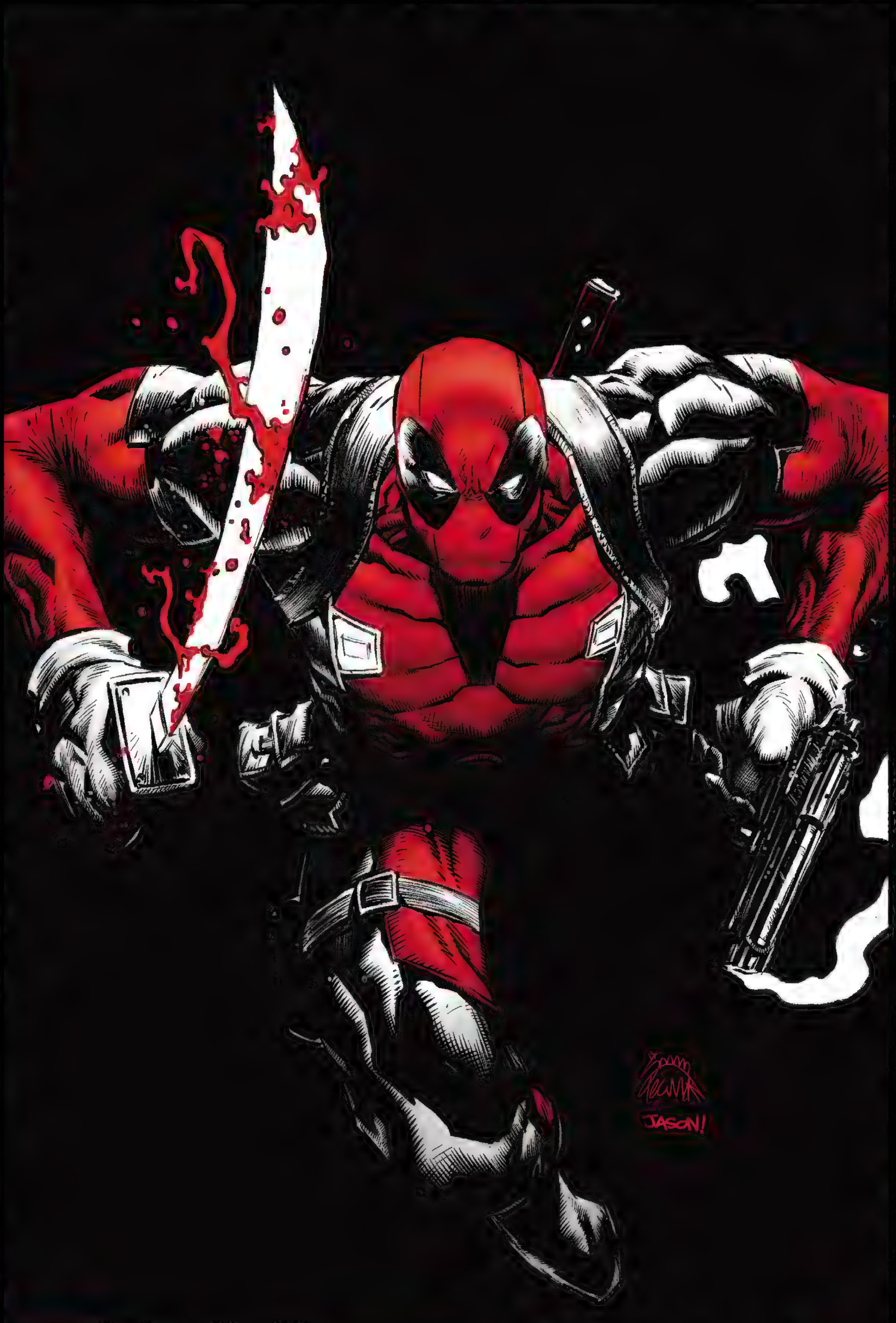
THERE IT IS!
COME ON, LET'S CATCH UP!
HEY, UGLY! GIVE UP THE KID OR WE'RE GONNA HAVE WORDS!
OKAY, THEN, ***GET IT!*** ATTACK!

YEAH, SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED THAT.
GIMME THE KID OR ELSE!
WHAT'S THE DEALIO?
WHAT IS THIS, A PICTURE SHOW?
IS THAT...?
DOOP?!

WHAT GIVES?
WHY ARE YOU SHOWING ME ALL THIS?

COME HERE, FELLA. I GOTCHA.
YIKES!
GIMME A BREAK!!!
EEEK!

PAYBACK?! SOME PEOPLE OBVIOUSLY CAN'T TAKE A JOKE.
HEH.
GOOD ONE.



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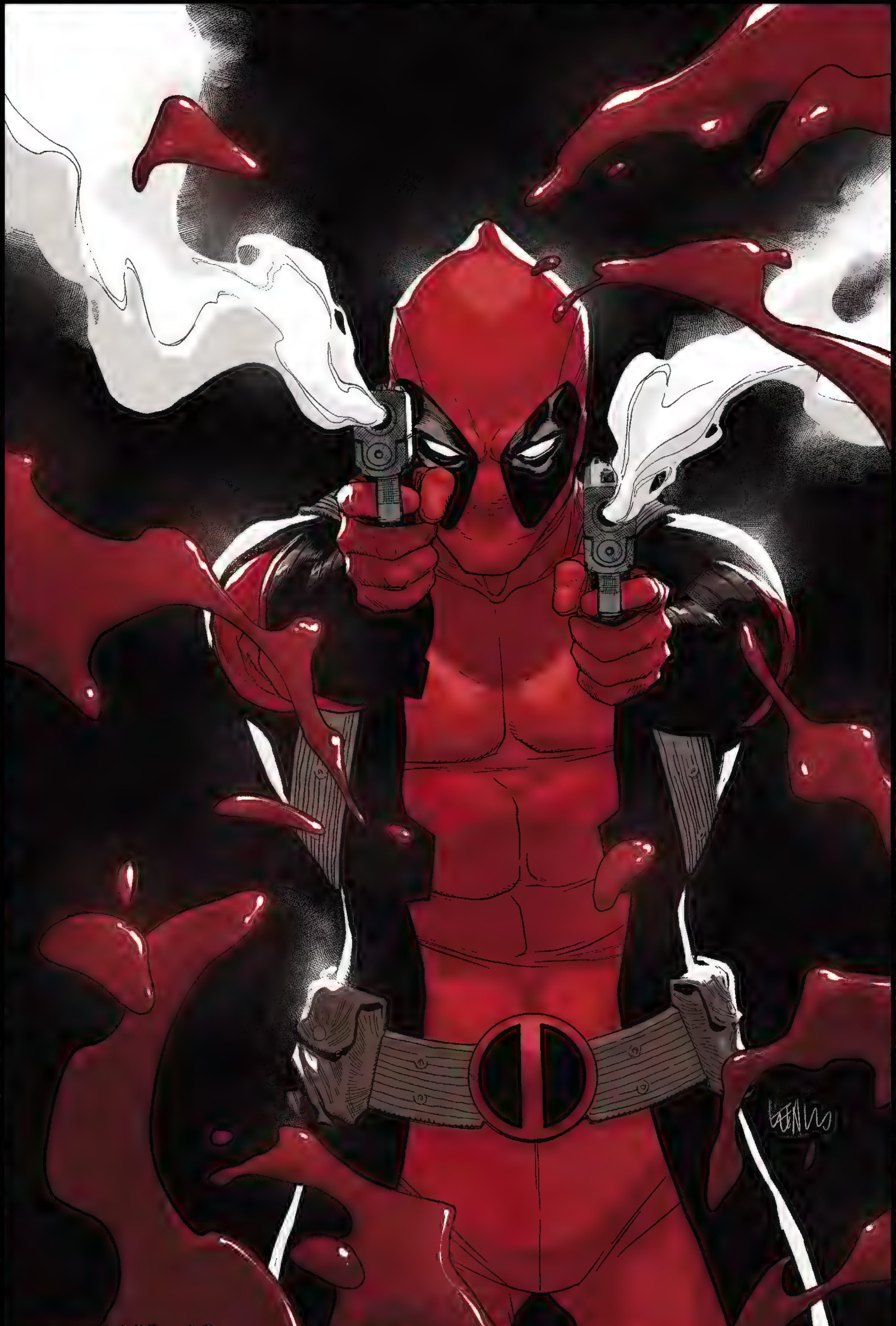

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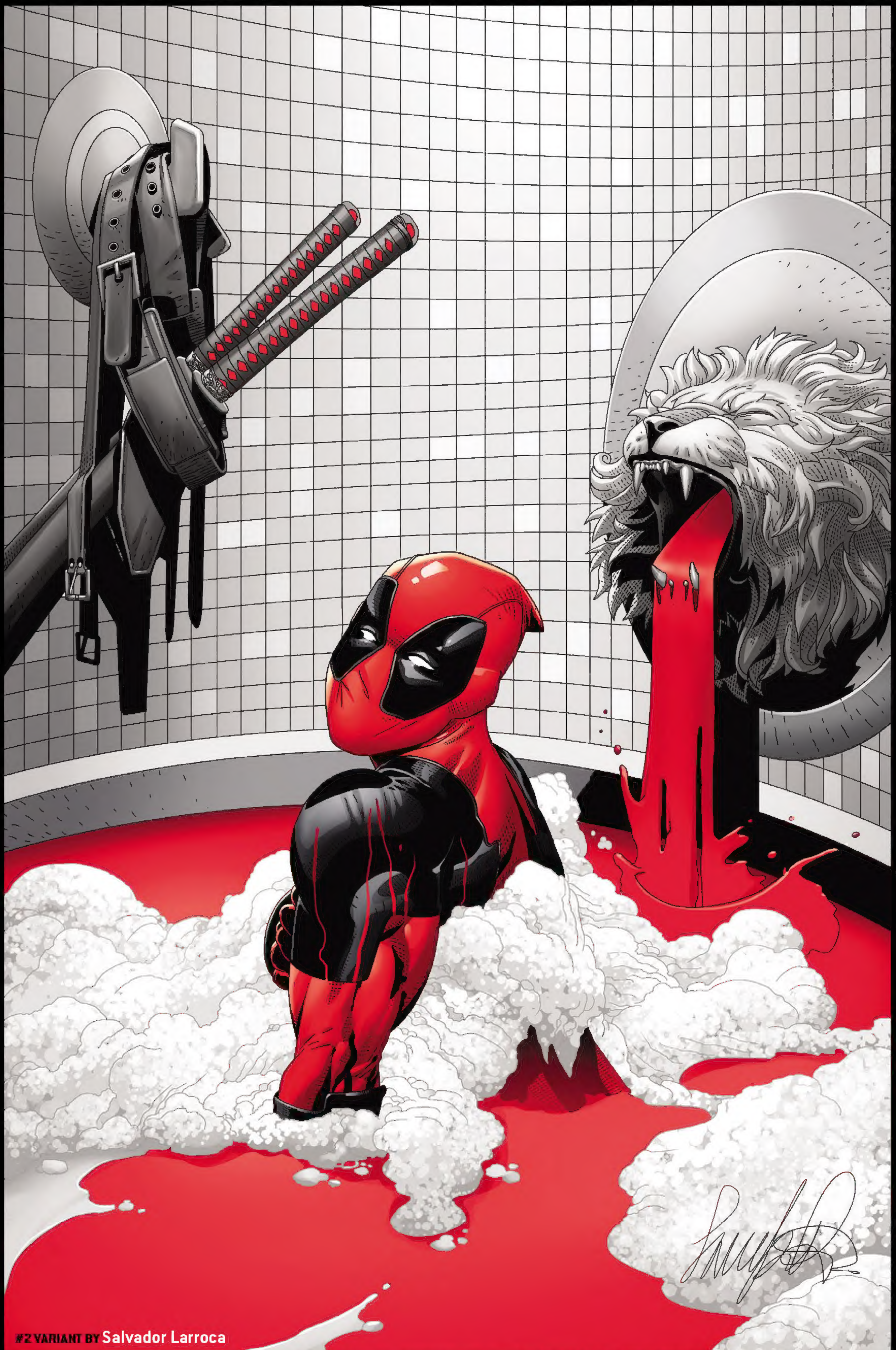
#2 VARIANT BY Stan Sakai

SAKAI
e. FUJII



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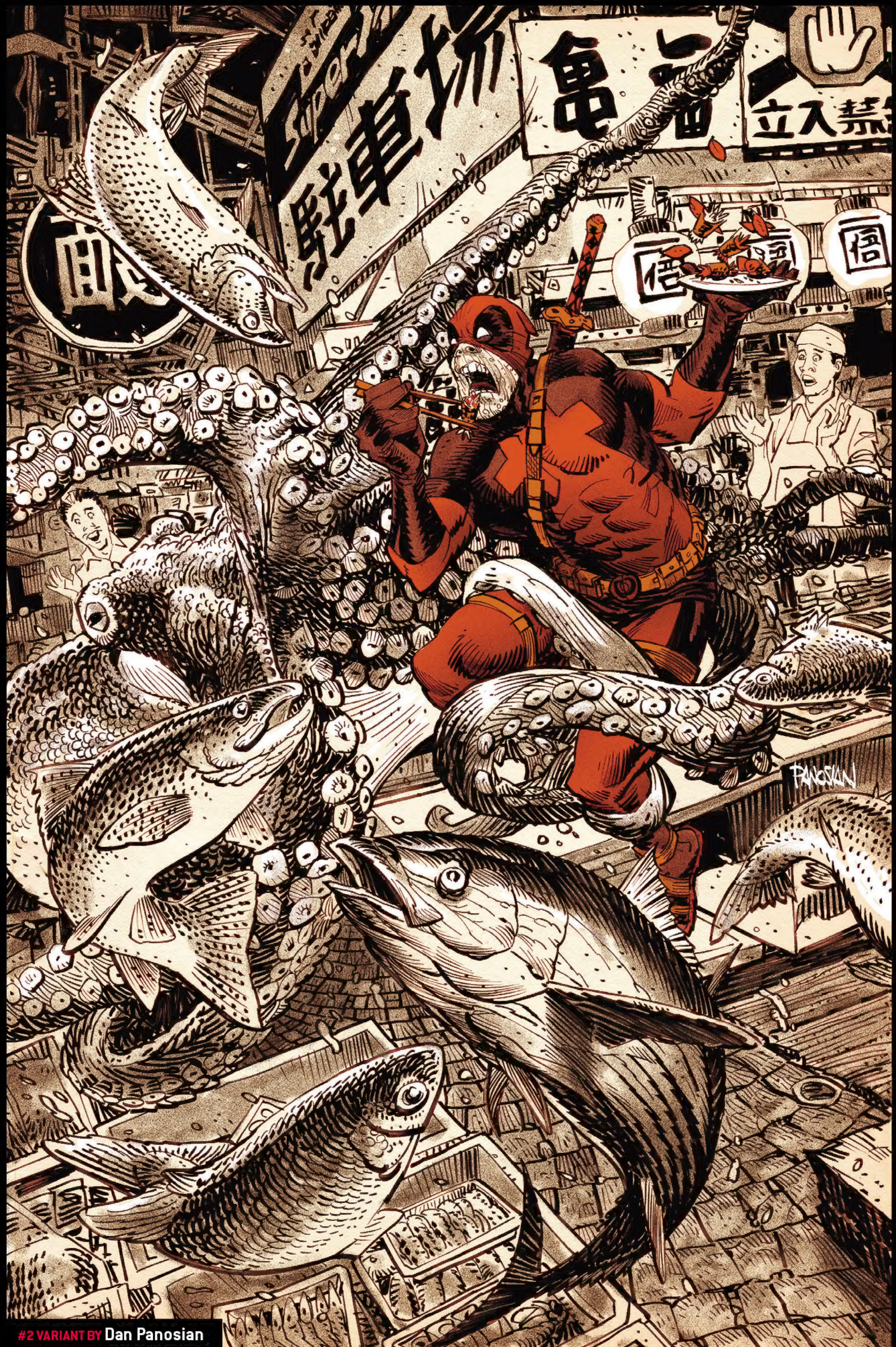
駐車場
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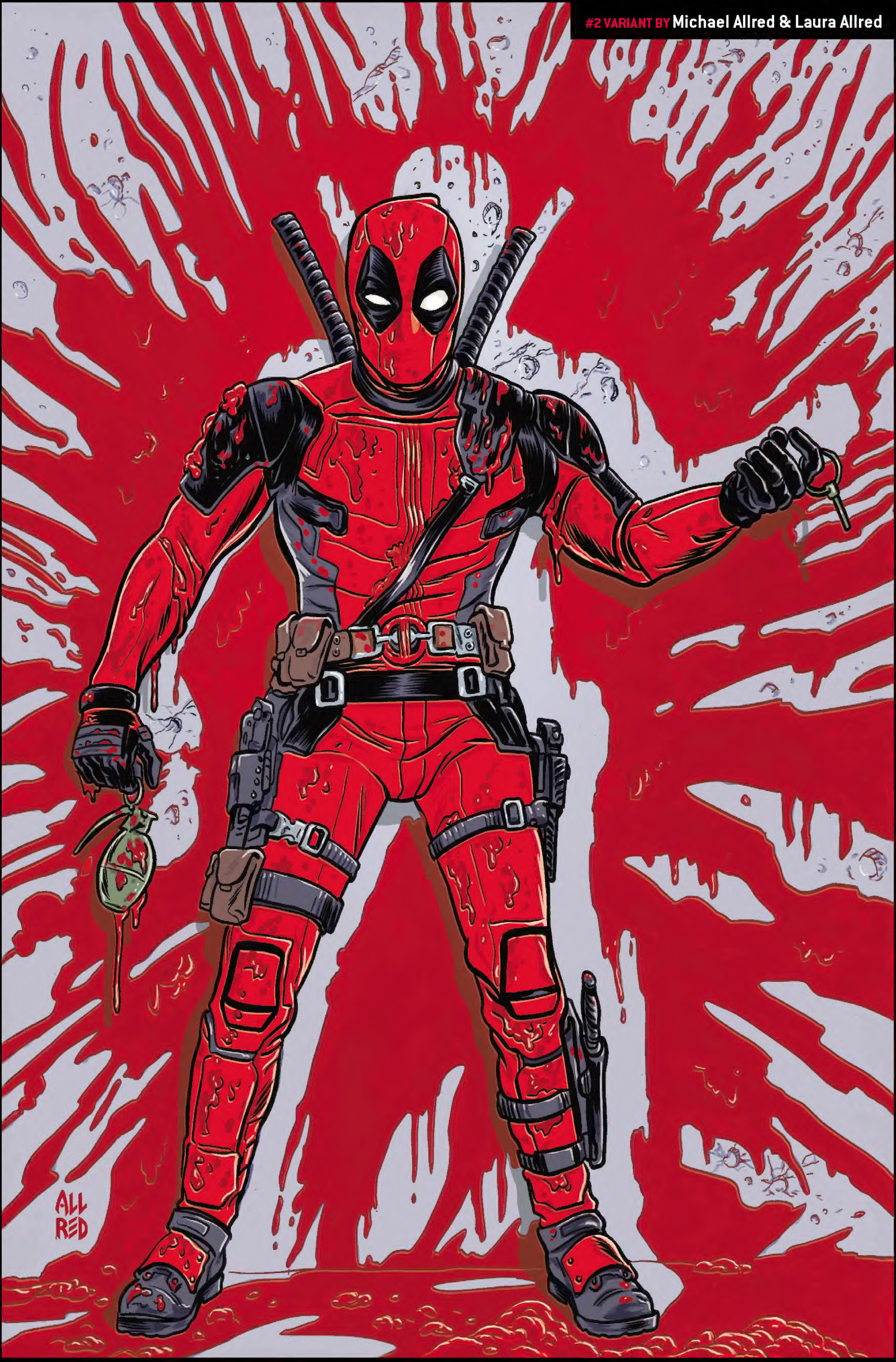
#2 VARIANT BY Michael Allred & Laura Allred



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